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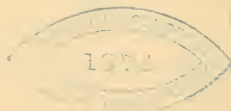
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UNITED STATES OF AMERICA.



Poems
on
Various Subjects;

By
James Stuart, A.B.,
Armagh.



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PREFACE.

THE blank verse compositions interspersed through this volume, are selections from an unpublished descriptive poem, written a considerable time ago. In the detached form in which they are now presented to the publick, some of them may probably be found deficient in unity of design.

THE narrative of the death of Niall Caille, is founded on well authenticated historical facts, corroborated by the universal tradition of the country, in which his tumulus lately existed. The author has imitated in a few lines of the story of Orra and Siorna, p. 168, the catastrophe of a beautiful poem, inserted in the last edition of Macpherson's Ossian.

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THE RETURNING TRAVELLER'S

SOLILOQUY.

“ PROPITIOUS wind, awake, arise,

“ Breathe steady on the swelling sail,

“ Whilst light the bounding vessel flies

“ Before the gale!

“ O'er the dark billows of the main,

“ Ascend, ascend, O king of day,

“ And pour across the liquid plain,

“ Thy golden ray!

“ Then, shall my dear-loved native shore

“ Burst glorious on my raptured view,

“ And I will gaze her green hills o'er

“ And mountains blue.

“ I pant to see the verdant bowers,
“ The smiling lawn, the shady grove,
“ Where sportive fled my youthful hours,
“ In joy and love.

“ Blow fresh ye winds; Arise O tide;
“ Rush quickly to the shore, O sea!
“ Swift fly ye moments that divide
“ My love and me!

“ I sigh to fold her in my arms,
“ For ah! three tedious years are gone,
“ Since last I saw her youthful charms,
“ In beauty's dawn.

“ These charms, now full matured by time,
“ Shall shine with more resplendent rays,
“ And I shall view her in her prime,
“ In beauty's blaze.

“ Thus, in my dear-loved native vale,

“ I marked a flower beneath a thorn,

“ Half-opening in the balmy gale

“ To meet the morn.

“ When the third noon had tinged the sky,

“ I saw it ev’ry charm disclose,

“ Blushing it stood before the eye,

“ A full-blown rose.

“ Blow fresh ye winds; Arise, O tide!

“ Rush quickly to the land, O sea!

“ Swift fly ye moments that divide

“ My love and me!

“ Life of my life, for thee alone,

“ I traversed Africk’s burning shore,

“ And sought amid the torrid zone,

“ The golden ore.

“ Not for myself I toiled for wealth,

“ My ardent hopes and cares were thine ;

“ I would not barter rosy health

“ For Quito's mine.

“ In thee is placed my heart's sole pleasure,

“ For thee, I felt my travel sweet,

“ That I might lay earth's choicest treasure,

“ Low at thy feet.

“ Ah! every heavy hour of toil,

“ The sleepless night, the tedious day,

“ Thy speaking glance, thy cherub smile

“ Shall well repay.

“ Oh it delights my faithful heart,

“ Thee, with life's noblest gifts to crown,

“ To place thee above envy's dart,

“ And fortune's frown.

“ Arise, arise, O purple morn !

“ Blow stronger yet ye breezes kind !

“ My thought, on Hope's strong pinions borne,

“ Outstrips the wind.

“ And Fancy holds before my eyes

“ The wonders of her magic glass,

“ Where pleasing scenes of future joys,

“ In vision pass.

“ I clasp Maria to my breast,

“ I see her cheeks with blushes glow,

“ I hear her tender love expressed

“ In murmurs low.

“ And as I dwell upon the kiss

“ In visionary rapture sweet,

“ I feel her throbbing heart with bliss

“ Ecstatick beat.

“ Methinks I have already bowed

“ With her before the powers above,

“ And at the sacred altar vowed

“ Connubial love.

“ Methinks I see an infant race,

“ With sparkling eyes that swim in glee,

“ And ruddy cheek, and cherub face,

“ Smile round my knee.

“ Arise, arise, O purple morn ;

“ Blow stronger yet ye breezes kind ;

“ My thought, on Hope’s strong pinions borne,

“ Outstrips the wind.

“ Ha ! see, the rising king of day,

“ Emerging, skirts yon orient cloud,

“ Glorious he pours his golden ray,

“ Through twilight’s shroud !

“ And as the shadowy vapour flies,

“ What pleasing objects meet my view!

“ I see my native hills arise,

“ And mountains blue.

“ Joyous, before the fav’ring breeze,

“ That sweeps the bounding billows o’er,

“ Elate, we cut the parting seas,

“ And hail the shore.

“ O heavens, I see Maria there!

“ Blushing she stands in all her charms,

“ I spring to clasp the panting fair,

“ In my fond arms!

THE WIDOWED MATRON.

“ HENCE, idle hope ! false world adieu !

“ My every joy in life is gone ;

“ Ah ! what have I with hope to do ?

“ It died with thee, my darling son.

“ Though sorrow “ marked me for her own,”

“ And I had felt her bitter smart,

“ And stern affliction’s coldest frown

“ Had chilled the pulses of my heart ;

“ Of every other bliss bereft,

“ My fancy fondly turned to thee,

“ For thou, my sweetest child, wert left,

“ And thou wert all the world to me !

“ When I beheld thy blooming face,
“ In beauty’s rising charms, display
“ The winning smile and manly grace
“ Of him who stole my heart away:

“ Thou wert to me a morning light,
“ Thou wert to me a noontide beam,
“ And in the slumbers of the night
“ I clasped thee in affection’s dream.

“ And when I viewed thy tender mind
“ Taste’s fairest forms with joy receive,
“ And every impulse, bland and kind,
“ That hope could wish, or precept give:

“ When in the mirror of thine eye
“ Each imaged virtue seemed to glow,
“ Pure as the tints of morning sky
“ Reflected in the lake below:

“ I fondly hoped thy gentle love

“ Would cheer the evening of my day,

“ Thy filial smile a beam would prove,

“ To guide me on my lonely way.

“ Hence, idle hope; false world adieu !

“ My every joy in life is gone,

“ Ah! what have I with hope to do?

“ ’Tis buried with my darling son!

“ So the light ray, that shoots on high,

“ Through watry clouds, its radiant form,

“ (Vain promise of a brighter sky,)

“ Is but the harbinger of storm.

“ Thou, shouldst have caught my parting breath,

“ And shed for me the starting tear;

“ But I have closed thine eyes in death,

“ And mournful wept upon thy bier.

“ And art thou ever, ever fled?

“ And will the pitying pow’rs above

“ Grant no communion with the dead,

“ No converse with the souls we love?

“ O could I mount the realms of bliss,

“ My spirit, rapt in love divine,

“ Would greet thee with a sainted kiss,

“ And blend in ectacy with thine !

“ But ah, on earth, hills, groves and plains

“ To me seem wrapt in hateful gloom !

“ One only spot belov’d remains,

“ The spot that bears my William’s tomb

“ And yet, to sooth my widowed hours,

“ Is left one melancholy joy ;

“ To deck that lonely tomb with flowers,

“ Weeping o’er thee, my lovely boy.”

SENSIBILITY.

THE melting tear, the tender sigh,
The language of the speaking eye,
The thrill of ecstasy divine,
Imagination's airy dream,
And the rapt poet's wildest theme,
Sweet Sensibility, are thine.

Thine too, is beauty's virgin blush,
Soft as the morning's rosy flush,
Tinging the sky with glowing charms;
Thine too, her lip's delightful wile,
Sweet as a dreaming infant's smile,
Light, slumbering in its mother's arms.

Fancy, for thee, with living light,
Pierces the sable robe of night,
That darkly curtains future years;
And lo! before thy wond'ring eyes,
Hope's gayest scene in prospect rise,
And joy, with dimpled cheek appears!

And mem'ry, queen of magick power,
Recalls for thee, the vanished hour,
And kindly gives thee back to bliss,
To fond affection's gentlest flow,
And friendship's pure and ardent glow,
And love's ambrosial kiss.

Hark! o'er the harp's resounding strings,
His viewless hand, soft zephyr flings,
And musick wildly floats around!
Thrilled by the rapture-breathing tone,
Thy heart, "with bliss before unknown,"
Responsive, vibrates to the sound.

Is there on earth, from pole to pole,
One kind emotion of the soul,
 One lambent beam of love divine,
To mortal man in mercy given ;
A foretaste of the sweets of heaven ;
 O Sensibility, 'tis thine !

Thine, is the happy mother's joy,
When leaning o'er her infant boy,
 With all a parent's transport blest,
She fondly-smiling, loves to trace
The father's features in his face,
 " And clasp the cherub to her breast.

" And thine are all the visions bright,"
That hover through the blissful night,
 Round meek-eyed pity's peaceful bed ;
Till roused by morning's orient ray,
She smiles the pangs of care away,
 And raises sorrow's lowly head.

Why breathes she oft the feeling sigh?
And wherefore trembles in her eye,
The tear for anguish not her own?
O "child of pleasure, child of woe,"
Thou badst the tender stream o'erflow,
At piercing mis'ry's melting moan!

Sweeter to thee that starting tear,
To sympathy and mercy dear,
Than all the splendid pomp of power;
The idle blaze of wealth and state,
Vain pageants of the falsely great,
That vanish with a fleeting hour.

Thou art the solace of man's day,
The star that guides him on his way,
Through rapture's glow, or sorrow's gloom;
Even to that hour, his faithful friend,
When death his varied course shall end,
And sweep him to the silent tomb.

And when his eye hath ceased to beam,
His heart, to pour its vital stream,

Wilt thou too rest in dreamless sleep?

No!—Thou wilt then teach tender sighs,

For him, from other breasts to rise,

And other eyes to weep.

VICISSITUDE.

A SIMILE.

I saw the bright king of the morning arise
From ocean's blue surface serene,
When calm was its bosom, and cloudless the skies,
And the landscape was mantled with green.

Soft warbled the lark, o'er his down-covered nest,
And cheered his loved mate with his lay;
And bright, as he soared thro' the sky, on his breast
Gleamed the purple effusion of day.

The birds were awoke from the slumbers of night,
Their transports were breathed on the gale,
And nature was pleased with the pure robe of light
That was spread on the face of the vale.

So sweet seemed the flowrets that bloomed in the
lawn,

As they bent in the morn's pearly dew,
I thought in my heart, it was like the first dawn,
That blushed when creation was new.

But clouds in the north began soon to unfold,
Wide-sweeping, their shadowy form, [gold,
Their skirts as they floated, seemed burnish'd with
Yet their bosoms were pregnant with storm.

Then murky the face of the atmosphere grew,
And the winds began loudly to roar;
The billows of ocean rose dark on the view,
As they wildly rolled on to the shore.

No longer the birds sung the raptures of love,
The flowrets no more breathed perfume,
The blossoms were torn from the face of the grove,
And nature lay buried in gloom:

An emblem methought of man's varying hour,
When the dawn of his youth smiles serene,
He basks in the sunshine of pleasure and power
And hope's softest ray gilds the scene.

But his prospects of joy are too soon overspread,
And dissolve like a vision in air,
The bolt of misfortune descends on his head,
And he sinks in the night of despair.

NOON.

ON heaven's cerulian arch the king of day
Now walks sublime, and o'er the glowing skies
A brighter glory spreads. The sunny hills
In beamy verdure shine. A lucid robe
Mantles the woods and vales, and tumbling streams,
That murm'ring down the mountains' heath-clad side
Tremble in light. The morning dews are fled,
Drank by the sunbeam, at whose noon-day glance
The floating vapour and the fleecy cloud
Expand to thinnest air. Before the eye
Gazing intense, the lucid atmosphere
Seems quiv'ring quick, in undulating wreaths,
With ceaseless motion. Meanwhile, sultry sighs
The western breeze, and with its tepid wing

Scarce moves the trembling aspin. In the grove,
Beside the river's daisy-spangled bank,
The ruminating cattle stand and breathe
Pure vital air, shed in the balmy gale,
By health-diffusing trees.* Their od'rous breath,
Back to the breeze, delicious fragrance gives,
Exhaling grateful perfume. Drooping now,
The fainting flow'rs recline their feeble heads,
In languid elegance ; the blaze of noon
Hath scorched their tender veins. The lily shines
With fading splendour ; and the tulip bows
His form majestick ; while the crimson rose
More faintly blushes. Thirsty all they seem
And eager to imbibe the evening dews,
Whose liquid orbs shall cool their burning leaves,
And renovate their charms. Then shall they glow
With tenfold lustre, and when humid night

* The leaves of trees emit oxygen gas during the heat of the day.

Hath fled the dawn, meet the young eye of morn,
In beauty's brightest flush. So timid shrinks
The youthful lover, at the scornful glance
Of his fair idol: pensively he pines,
'Till melting soft, once more her kindling eye
Speaks tenderness, and round her coral lips
Play gentle smiles, that charm his fears away.

Now deep, beneath the clear and tranquil lake,
The mimic landscape glows in all its charms,
With soft and mellow tints: hills, lawns and woods,
A sylvan scene, and heaven's ethereal arch
Circling the orb of day, reflected shine
In mildest splendour. And old ocean's waves,
Seen through yon vista, in a thousand streams
Refract the glittering sunbeam. On the tide
Rides the proud galley; whilst the half-filled sail
Flaps in the dying breeze, the sailor sees
On the blue main, the lofty mast project
A shorter shadow, and delighted views

The coming hills, in all their charms arrayed.
To him, long absent from his native bowers,
Affection's colours tinge the rural scene,
With hues of tenfold loveliness. His eye,
Wand'ring from vale to vale, and wood to wood,
Enraptured sees at last the curling smoke,
Light wreathing o'er the cottage, where retired
The lovely partner of his joys and cares
Dwells with her smiling babes ; and musing deep
On all the perils of the watry waste,
Sighs for her absent spouse ; and gazing oft
On her sweet prattlers, lifts her melting eye
In silent prayer, to him who stills the waves,
And guides the wand'rer o'er the azure main.

Lo ! resting for a moment from his toil,
The sinewy ploughman leaves the fallowed land
Half-furrowed ; while the hungry birds descend
And snatch with eager bill the writhing worm !
The panting steed, beneath the friendly shade,

Enjoys sweet respite, and his moistened sides
Smoke in the sunbeam. See, the patient steer,
Freed from the cumbrous draught, delighted quaffs
The pure and cooling stream; and idle rests
The glitt'ring ploughshare on the ridgy mould!

Blithe, o'er the meadow's wide extended plain,
A youthful group, amid the new-mown hay,
In playful labour sports. Here, rural maids,
Flushed by the sunbeam, toss with active hands
The perfume-shedding grass; and swains alert
Ply the toothed rake, and draw in circling wreaths,
The tedded hay, or build with rustick skill
The lofty cock. Eager they urge the work,
Lest through the redd'ning skies, the lightning burst,
Heralding thunder; and the gushing rains
Deluge the valley. Wide around the mead,
Loud laughter rings; for jest and jocund prank,
And village jibe, and Joy himself are there,
And rosy Mirth, with sweetly-dimpled cheek,

Who smiles away their toils. Now o'er the fields,
Th' imprisoned ears of young and tender grain
Burst the green shot-blade, and luxuriant spring,
To meet the stream of day. The barley rears
Aloft it's barbed spears. The milky wheat
Stands in full blossom, and the farmer sees
Rejoiced the oat extend its branching head
And the tall rye lift up its coarser form.
Anticipation to his sanguine soul
Gives the full harvest, and his fancy views
The golden grain, in treasured heaps arise,
Upon his groaning floors: yet sometimes shoots
A sudden terror through his anxious heart,
Lest baleful blight should change the swelling grain,
To orbs of dusky pulp; or mildew come,
And round the with'ring stem, and shrivelled ear,
His loathed embraces twine, and ruthless drain
From the shrunk plant, the bland nectareous juice.

Fled are the early blossoms of the spring,
That in the orchard's close-embow'ring shade
Poured softest incense on the balmy air,
Sweet as the breath of Flora, when she comes
Scatt'ring her fragrant roses. Now the pear
Inverted dangles, and the apple swells
It's orb, scarce redd'ning. Soon its glowing cheek
Shall blush with deeper hues, and the plump fruit,
In mellow ripeness, tempt the school-boy's hand,
Warmed by the fervid sun, the sycamore,
Whose friendly arms through many a wintry storm,
Shielded the tender fruit trees from the blast,
Pours through the surface of its spongy leaf,
To honied fluid ; and the vagrant fly,
Poor, thoughtless victim of voluptuous joy,
Lured by the fragrance of the nectared dew,
Amid the viscous liquid dips his wings,
And in the luscious banquet, feasts and dies.

Me, it delights to fly the noon-day blaze
And wander thoughtful, round those sloping hills,
Where the tall pine, and wide extending oak
Project their deepest shadows. Much I love, [view
From the grove's skirt, through shelving lawns to
Yon glassy lake, winding in gentle curve
Around its willowy borders. There with joy
The feathered nations sport: the dapple duck
Dips for the finny fry: there float the teal
And widgeon, streaked with undulating lines,
Alternate black and white. King of the lake,
The stately swan, of snowy plumage bright,
Majestic sails; high-curved, his silver wing
Collects the passing gale: his downy neck
In arch elliptick bends; beneath the wave,
He plies his ebon feet, and bold he floats,
In conscious beauty proud, as if aware
That Jove himself, to win the bashful maid,
Had wrapt the godhead in his graceful form.

And oft, it joys to steal in silence on,
Behind the thicket, and to view unseen
The tenants of the lawn, a harmless race ;
There dwells the timid hare, who ceaseless moves
His vibratory lip ; the rabbit there,
Emerging fearful, from her dark retreat,
Nibbles the tender herbage ; and the stag,
With sparkling eye and branching antlers vast,
Lifts up his graceful head. With ear erect,
He listens to the passing gale, and hears
The shepherd's pipe, delighted. Now he springs,
With limb elastic, o'er the sunny plain,
Then stops, and in the thicket's deepest shade
Stands ruminating ; till alarmed he spies,
Quick passing through the thick-embow'ring trees,
The hostile greyhound ; fleetier than the wind,
He bounds along the glade, mounts the steep hill,
Then pauses ; and with eye of ardent gaze,
Ponders his danger.—Now 'tis sweet to view,

Deep in the grove, the feathered race retired,
Shunning the fervid heat ; mid rustling leaves
Silent they sit, or breathe their tender loves
In sudden fits of interrupted song
And pant for evening gales. Yet bolder birds
Pour forth their rougher tones. Hoarse caws the rook
From the tall fir-tree ; and the perter pie,
Garrulous chatters ; while the raven croaks
Harsh dissonance, and wheeling round and round,
In many a circle, imprecations dire
Vengeful repeats, against th' unfeeling boy,
Who laughing, robs her of her callow young.
Loud screaming, from the summit of the pine,
The bird of Juno calls his absent mate.
Descend, thou loveliest of the plummy race
And in full glory burst upon the sight,
Expanding wide thy many-coloured train,
Spangled with vivid crescents, that outshine
The stars resplendent, when the dewy night,
Around the pole, hath sprinkled all the sky

With glitt'ring orbs of light. A thousand hues
Of glossy brightness, tinge thy moving wings,
And shining breast ; thy head of purple die
Commixed with green, thou proudly bear'st aloft,
And glorying in pre-eminence of form,
And majesty unrivalled, gazest round
In conscious beauty, challenging applause.

Pent in their narrow channels, gently glide
The lessened rivers, for the garish sun
And the scorched banks drink half the passing stream
Clear through the surface, shines the speckled trout
Meeting the coming waters ; and the eel
Scarce in the bottom hides his slender form,
Twining through bending reeds. The daffodil
Stands in full flow'r, and water-lilies spread
Their snowy charms, and weeping willows bow
Their pliant heads, enamoured of the stream.
Light sport the insect tribes, on tender wing,
Their little hour ; while fleet the swallow glides,

And through the pervious air his prey pursues,
To man invisible; oft as he wheels
And shoots along, he dips his passing wing
Alternate in the stream. Him, as he stoops
O'er reedy lake, to seize th' aquatick fly,
The pike voracious marks, and rapid springs
On his unwary prey, and bears him down,
E'en in the moment, when the hapless bird,
With eager bill, had seized his glitt'ring prize.
Thus oft, beneath th' unerring shaft of death,
The ruthless warrior, in his red career
Of conquest falls; e'en at the very hour,
When Vict'ry crowns him, and when glory twines
Her wreath of blood-stained laurels round his brow.

Oft, on the margin of yon winding stream,
Shunning the bustle of the busy world,
Its glitt'ring pageants, and its empty joys,
The melancholy man dejected pores
Upon the babbling waters; or retired

In gloomy glade, he listens to the voice
Of mimick Echo, nymph of many tongues,
Who, from her rocky cell, invisible,
With more mellifluous tones, idly repeats
Each passing sound ; the sad and sullen roar
Of falling oak, felled by the woodman's axe,
With stroke reiterate ; the noisy clack
Of yonder mill, that with the varying breeze
Alternate swells and sinks ; the low of herds :
The soft and silver tinklings of the fold,
'The dash of falling stream, that tumbles down
Steep, brok'n rocks, abrupt ; and the slow knell,
Tolling from village church its warning sad,
In solemn tremblings o'er the sinking soul.

Here too, the unsuccessful lover roams,
Musing his sorrows ; or in anguish hears
The moaning ring-dove's lamentable plaint,
Re-echo through the grove ; or languid lists
To the low murmurs of the dying breeze,

Bending the willows ; or the beechen leaf,
Whisp'ring to Zephyr, as his silken wing
Brushes the verdant foliage. Happier he,
Who in the woodbine arbour social sits,
And gazing on the maid his soul adores,
Hears from her lip the softly breathing song
Melodious flow ; or sees her speaking eye
Beam with the lambent fire of purest love,
And conscious feels that purest love his own.

And oft, amid these solitary shades,
Divine Philosophy delighted walks,
Pond'ring on Nature's volume. Ev'ry plant
Spread on the valley ; ev'ry tender flow'r
That gems the breezy lawns ; each trembling leaf
That flutters in the gale, and ev'ry bird
Wild warbling in the woodland ; hills, and streams,
And cultur'd vallies, and the mountain waste,
And all the sylvan scene, that glows around,

To him suggest unutterable thoughts.
His soul, in awe and solemn silence wrapt,
Explores the cause of these amazing things,
And finds that cause in heav'n. Devotion comes,
Companion of his walk; a meek-eyed maid,
Who holds high converse with the God of Gods.
Where'er she moves, thro' dark embow'ring grove,
Or vale, or sunny hill, or shadowy glade,
She feels Him present. Nature's glorious works,
The azure sea, the flow'r-enamelled earth,
The glowing atmosphere, and op'ning heav'ns,
Insphered in light, form to her ardent soul
A mighty vista, whence with raptured eye
She views her God and Father. "King of Kings,
And Lord of Lords," the universe proclaims
Itself thy creature! Lo! the mighty sun,
From world to world, transmits th' eternal truth
On moving wings of light. Ethereal space,
Beyond the limits of the solar beam,

Encircling systems, whose resplendent blaze,
Lost in immensity, hath never glanced
Through countless years, on earth's remotest orb,
Filled with thy presence, owns thy power divine.
O! could Devotion's ardent spirit soar
Sublime, upon the lightning's rapid beam,
Beyond the milky way, where never yet
Hath solar comet wheeled his red career;
Or could she plunge beyond the realms of light,
Where Darkness sits enthroned in sable clouds,
E'en there, would she behold thee; and the gloom
Pierced by thy living glance, would blaze at once,
With all the splendours of eternal day.
Great source of life! from thy omnifick word
Sprang all the active energies that glow
In sentient beings, down through varied ranks;
Decending in gradation from the hosts
Of spirits pure, who in the heav'n of heav'ns
Hymn forth thy praises, to the insect tribes

That wanton in the gale; and lower still,
Down to the race minute, whose slender forms,
Wrapt in transcendent littleness, evade
Investigation's pow'rs. The least of these,
No less than yon resplendent sun, demands
Omnipotence itself to call it forth,
From nothing to existence. Who can tell
The limits of thy works? The earth, the heav'ns,
And all the starry worlds that sweep through space
Their glorious circuit, at thy mighty word
Rushed into being. Their stupendous orbs,
That seem eternal, shall dissolve away
In splendid ruin, at th' appoined hour,
When from thy living throne thou shall transuit
Thine awful mandate. Spectacle sublime!
When all the nations of ten thousand worlds,
Bursting the chains of death, shall soar aloft
E'en to the heav'n of heav'ns, and mingling there
With angels and archangels, shall behold

The blaze terrifick ; till the melting mass
Fade on the gazing eye, and nought remain,
Save vacant space, a vast and formless void.
Tremendous thought! Yet more amazing scenes
Haply shall meet their view. A day may come,
When thou shalt congregate around thy throne
Myriads of angels, and exalted souls
Of men made perfect. Through the deep abyss
Of space immense, thy awful voice shall rush,
“Come forth another universe!” and lo!
Obedient to the call, ten thousand suns
Shall stream forth glory! With the least of these
Yon orb of day compared, would seem a star
Of faintest splendour ; countless worlds shall spring
At once to being, and the virgin light,
Bursting the sphere of darkness, shall diffuse
Its golden mantle o’er the new-born earth!
Then shall the rising hills and vallies shine
In gayest verdure, and the gentle gales

Waft fragrance softer than the balmy breath
Of infant Zephyr; when with untried wing,
He first essayed to bend the blooming trees
Of Paradise, and mingle with his sweets
The perfume of their blossoms. Rosy hues
Celestial, such as mortal never saw,
Shall tinge the atmosphere, and the young sky
Meet the new sun with blushes. Ev'ry sphere
Shall teem with living creatures, who amazed
At their own being, and transcendent powers,
Shall gaze with wonder at the novel scene;
And struck with awe, lift their astonished eyes
To thee, their great creator. The new heav'ns
And earth shall echo with the sacred hymns,
And loud resounding tones of grateful joy,
From cherubim and seraphim. For lo,
Already, ev'ry orb begins to move
In mystic dance, around its central sun,
Wheeling its grand career! And ev'ry sun.

Bearing these minor worlds, thro' boundless space,
With force resistless round the heav'n of heav'ns,
In mighty circuit sweeps : thy throne itself,
Their common centre ; and the moving pow'r,
The great, eternal, and omniscient God.

THE DREAM,

BY A DECEASED FRIEND.

THE moon with mild reflected light,
Had decked the blue serene,
And all the silver host of night,
Paid homage to their queen.

The gentle pow'rs of soft repose,
O'er all my senses stole,
When lo! in matchless beauty rose
The idol of my soul!

The lovely, yielding shade, methought,
With eager arms I pressed:
Ah! could the substance thus be caught,
How would my soul be blessed!

Swift flew my heart on Rapture's wing,
To meet each melting kiss,
Ye gods, what real transports spring
From visionary bliss!

But soon, the streaming source of light,
With all diffusive beam,
Shed on my soul a tenfold night,
And broke my golden dream.

Ah night! a love-sick mind to heal,
This envious sun remove!
Once more, mine eyes in slumber seal,
That I may see my love.

THE MANIAC.

HAN! who is she with folded hands
That gazes on the stream,
And wrapt in melancholy stands,
Beneath the lunar beam?

Her cheek is as the lily pale,
And sunk her hazel eye,
And quick and frequent on the gale
She pours the melting sigh.

Her auburn tresses wildly flow,
Dishevelled on the air,
The image she of heart-struck wo,
Sublimed into despair.

Ah! she was once the lovliest maid
Of all the virgin train,
That on the banks of Lagan strayed,
Or Breda's flow'ry plain!

"Beneath a tender mother's eye,
"Rosanna flourished fair;"
She knew no sorrow, breathed no sigh,
And felt no anxious care,

Sweet as the violet that blows,
Beneath the shelt'ring thorn,
And blooming as the blushing rose,
Tinged by the ray of morn.

Evander saw the maiden bright,
Amid the female throng,
"Trancendent as the queen of night,
"The silver stars among."

He saw, he sighed, he wooed the fair,
Fired with her matchless charms;
His love, alas! was but a snare,
To lure her to his arms.

But she in innocence secure,
And conscious virtue bold,
Disdained Evander's love impure,
And scorned his proffered gold.

Then William came, a graceful youth,
The pride of Innisfail,
And with the manly voice of truth .
He told his tender tale.

And as he breathed the melting sigh,
Love with celestial grace
Shone in Rosanna's speaking eye,
And beauty-beaming face.

Soft blushes, deep'ning on her cheek,
A brighter bloom impart,
And looks, in living language, speak
The feelings of the heart.

And soon the village bells ring round,
The merry roundelay,
And loud and blithe, the jocund sound
Proclaims their wedding day.

The rising sun with orient light,
Inhales night's dewy tears,
When clad in robes of purest white,
The bridal train appears.

Now see beneath the rosy dawn
The gay procession move,
Led graceful, o'er the flowery lawn,
By Hymen and by Love.

E

Why rush those naval sons of blood
Across yon gloomy glade,
From the deep covert of the wood,
And wave the murd'rous blade?

The ruthless band Evander leads,
Impelled by jealous rage;
Can Britain's law permit such deeds,
Such war can Britons wage?

Like tigers, furious from their lair,
The ruffians sweep along,
And William from Rosanna tear,
Amid the bridal throng.

Vain is the female's piercing cry,
And their loud shriek of fear,
Vain too their pity-asking eye,
And Beauty's pearly tear.

A wand'ring sailor doomed to roam,
Poor William sighed forlorn,
From love, from happiness and home,
By savage malice torn.

And lost Rosanna, sad and pale,
Through woods and shady groves,
From hill to hill, from dale to dale,
In silent sorrow roves.

One evening, near the sounding shore,
In melancholy gloom,
She listened to the surges' roar,
And bittern's hollow boom.

For lately o'er the sea and sky
The tempest fierce had passed,
And still the billows mountain high,
Foamed in the sinking blast.

And lightnings bursting through the gloom,
Gleamed round the welkin wide,
And seamen met a watry tomb
Amid the raging tide.

Then as the heaving surges rolled,
Dark on the sea-beat strand,
Behold a corse, all pale and cold,
Dashed on the yellow sand!

Heart-struck, she saw her William's form,
And chill through every vein,
Shot horror's agonizing storm,
And phrenzy's madd'ning pain.

Oft since that hour, in deep despair,
The hapless maniac flies,
And torn by anguish, rends the air
With sorrow's wildest cries.

And oft, as now, with folded hands,

She gazes on the stream ;

And, rapt in melancholy, stands

Beneath the lunar beam.

WOMAN.

WHEN half creation's works were done,
Just formed the stars, the glowing sun,
 And softly blushing skies ;
And wide across earth's dewy lawn
Gleamed the first glances of the dawn,
 And flowers began to rise :

Clad in her robe of tender green,
Nature delighted viewed the Scene,
 Pleased with each novel form ;
And from each sweetly-opening flower,
From hill and vale and shady bower,
 She culled some lovely charm.

Soft o'er the lily's glowing white,
'Tinged with the trembling ray of light,
 She shed the rose's flush ;
Just as the first-born morning gale,
Light-breathing o'er the spicy vale,
 Deepened its virgin blush.

She drew the diamond from the mine,
And lustre from the stars that shine
 Amid the cloudless sky ;
And purest pearls, obscurely spread,
In ocean's dark and gloomy bed,
 Remote from mortal eye.

She took the balmy vi'let's blue,
The sweet carnation's mellow hue,
 Rich with the tear of night ;
Though the young beam of rising day,
Had melted half that tear away,
 In the first stream of light.

And now in elegance arrayed,
Her last, her fairest work she made,

Almost a seraph's frame :

To animate this form was given
A gentle spirit sent from heaven,
And WOMAN was her name.

Then on her softly-smiling face
She lavished every winning grace,

And every charm was there ;

Upon her eye the vi'let's blue,

Upon her cheek the rose's hue,

The lily every where.

Yes, on that eye was seen to play

The lustre of the stellar ray,

The diamond's humid glow :

She threw, to form her bosom's globe,

Life's tender flush and Beauty's robe,

On wreaths of virgin snow.

Then Woman's lips in smiles withdrew
Their veils of rich carnation hue
And pearls appeared beneath ;
And blest Arabia seemed to pour
The perfumes of its spicy store,
To mingle with her breath.

Hark ! hark, she speaks, and silver strains,
Melodious floating o'er the plains,
A nameless joy impart !
The nightingale hath caught the tone,
And made that melting voice his own,
That vibrates on the heart.

Fond nature cast her glance around
The glowing sky, the flow'ry ground,
The day-diffusing sun ;
On Woman last, her darling child,
She gazed ; and said with accents mild,
" Creation's work is done."

THE SETTING SUN.

Now the low sun, declining in the west,
O'er yon blue arch, a stream of glory pours ;
Bright o'er the mountain tops, his golden face
In broad refulgence flames. O'er heaven's expanse
The air-borne clouds, with lucid skirts of gold,
Sportive, ten thousand varying forms assume,
And ever changeful hues, gay as the dies
Of trembling light, that tinge th' ethereal bow.
Steeds, chariots, cities, cataracts and towers,
And waving groves, and isles of liquid gold
Floating in azure seas ; and hostile hosts
That menace airy tumult, seem to move
On wings of wind fantastick. Sudden springs
A transient blast, and sweeps along the skies

Low-murmuring, and the mimick forms are fled,
Like a gay dream, before the glance of morn.
Thus fly the visions of the dawn of life,
When wayward youth and Fancy's idle train
Dance through the magick maze of sensual joy,
Sporting voluptuous ; 'till the blasts of care
Dissolve the airy spell ; and anguish comes
And draws his gloomy curtain o'er the scene.

Behold, across the bosom of the air,
The trembling sunbeams shoot their radiant forms,
In horizontal lines ; and distant scenes,
Hills, rocks and cities, battlements and spires,
Seen o'er the summit of yon waving grove,
Shine in the parting ray serenely bright,
In golden splendour. Misty wreaths ascend,
Grey o'er the passing streams, and dewy tears
Already gem the cowslips' slender form
With liquid pearls. The odour-breathing rose
Prepares to shut its crimson lips and bend

Its blushing head, lest the chill breath of night
Should blast its balmy sweets. The gentle birds
Pour to the setting sun their vocal lays,
And tune their farewell song; and now I hear
The low soft musick, and the notes of love
Steal through the list'ning grove. And now again
The loud, shrill strains, swell'd by the sighing wind,
Float through the balmy air, and mount aloft
Wildly melodious, to the cope of heav'n;
Then, in a melting cadence die away.
Base must he be, whose inharmonious soul
Feels no vibrations to the gentle sound
Of Innocence and Joy, when nature pours
Her untaught song to charm the raptur'd ear!
Him, nor the soothing voice of love could move;
Nor should the goddess Harmony descend
From her bright throne, where she attunes the
spheres,
Would her celestial music ought avail,
To melt his rugged and unfeeling heart.

The groves are silent, till the creaking rail,
From the close covert of the waving grass,
Breaks through the stillness of retiring eve,
With endless clamour. Loud resounding glades
And fragrant meadows, hillocks, dales and lawns,
Filled with his tones, repeat the ceaseless song.

And now, behind the mist-embosomed head
Of yonder mountain, sinks the setting sun.
Far o'er the shadowy east, his dapple wings
Grey Twilight spreads. Hills, rocks, and deep'ning
woods,
In doubtful vision, swim before the sight;
'Til o'er the less'ning objects, Darkness comes
And sweeps his sombrous circle. Solemn gloom
Inspheres heaven, earth and ocean: yet behold,
Still in the west, a purple gleam of day
Breaks through the ring of night! e'en thus retire
In crimson streams, the vital pow'rs of man
Around the heart, when icy Sickness comes

And chills the sinking frame. Faint and more faint,
Throbs the low pulse, and with a feebler ray
Gleams the dull eye, till ev'ry beam expires,
Wrapt in the silent night of cheerless death.

YOUTH.

YOUTH is the vision of a morn,
That flies the coming day;
It is the blossom on the thorn,
By rude winds swept away.

'Tis like the charming hue that glows
Soft on a virgin's face,
Till care hath nipped her fading rose,
And withered ev'ry grace.

It is the image of the sky,
In glassy waters seen;
When not a cloud appears to fly
Across the blue serene.

But when the waves begin to roar
And lift their foaming head,
The mimic stars appears no more,
And all the heav'n is fled.

'Tis like the dying tones that flow
From an Æolian lyre,
When passing spirits seem to throw
Soft musick o'er the wire.

Or like a cloud of fleecy form,
Seen on an April day ;
That veers before the coming storm,
Then weeps itself away.

'Tis fleeting as the passing rays
Of bright electric fire,
That gild the pole with sudden blaze,
And in that blaze expire.

And tender as the filmy threads,
Which in the dewy dawn,
From flow'r to flow'r Arachne spreads,
Wide o'er the verdant lawn.

It is the morning's gentle gale,
That, as it softly blows,
Scarce seems to sigh across the vale,
Or bend the blushing rose.

But soon the gathering tempests pour,
And all the sky deform ;
The gale becomes the whirlwind's roar,
The sigh a raging storm:

For Care and Sorrow's morbid gloom,
And heart-corroding strife,
And sickness pointing to the tomb,
Await the noon of life.

THE QUAKERS.

FROM the rude tumult and the storms of life,
The pangs of anguish and the toils of care,
To yonder peaceful scenes, the wearied soul
Delighted turns. Hail to thy cultured plains
Moyallen,* where the magick hand of Taste,
With pow'r creative, parcels out thy fields,
In simple elegance and rural charms!
The hedge-row green, the gently-sloping lawn,
The vista, op'ning through the shady grove;
The rivulet, soft murm'ring round the mead

* Moyallen is in the neighbourhood of Tandragee; a colony of Quakers is settled in this charming spot, and in the adjoining townland of Stramore.

With sun-tinged stream; the many-coloured copse
That crowns the verdant hill; the deep'ning glade
Seen darkly through the wood; the garden fair,
Where Cultivation, through the gay parterres,
Opes all her beauties to the eye of day.
And lo! amid thy verdant vallies dwells
In elegance and ease, a gen'rous race
Of mild Philanthropists, whom bigot zeal
Hath nicknamed quakers. Scanty they of creed
And theologic dogma, but sublime
Their moral code, and exquisitely framed
'To tranquilize the passions' furious gusts,
That through the gulfs of misery and vice,
Hurry bewildered souls. In gentle arts
Of industry and joy, time glides along
With them in peaceful current. Happy men!
No fiery leader, turbulent of soul,
Conducts them to the crimsoned fields of war,
There to imbrue, in sanguinary fight,
Their hands in human gore. Ah, not on them

Descend the widows' curse, the orphans' tear,
The father's groan ; when mad Ambition's hand,
With murd'rous sword, hath swept the tented field,
And left them friendless in a world of woe,
Weeping their sorrows ! Persecution's torch
Hath never led them in nocturnal march
To fire their neighbour's domes No headlong zeal
Of false religion drives them furious on
To deeds of desolation, war and blood ;
In impious hope to please the god of peace,
By murdering his creatures. Who hath met,
Of all the sect, a single son forlorn,
Wand'ring in squalid garb, with visage pale,
A puling mendicant ? Or in the streets,
Hath seen a daughter, helpless and undone,
The wretched victim of intemperance,
With aspect wanton, and lascivious eye,
Leer on the passengers. Go search the haunts
Where Av'rice vile, his anxious vigil keeps,
And the base soul hangs trembling in suspense,

While from the hurried hand, the rolling die
Or painted car, pregnant with fate descends ;
There will be found the furrowed brow of Care,
Deep marked with lines of thought: stern Anguish
there,
Herald of suicide, tremendous frowns
Upon the sordid gamester, passion's slave,
Who scatters to the wind, the little store
That God had given him, in a happier hour
To feed his helpless babes. And there Remorse
from Time receives a catalogue of crimes
And list of murdered hours. But never yet
Hath Quaker there been found ; nor in the cells,
Where, amidst noisome damps, imprisoned lies
The bolted robber, or the felon thief
Groans out his sleepless nights ; save when he comes
At Pity's call, upon the wounded soul
To pour the balm of comfort, or diffuse
A gleam of joy across the lonely gloom

Of Mis'ry and Despair. Nor in the courts,
Where Litigation's never ending voice
Prolongs eternal contest, brings he forth
Feigned tales of varnished wrongs. He never bows
Before the idol Fashion, nor consumes
The moments pregnant with eternal fate,
In midnight revels, or the tinsel glare
Of fancied pleasure and voluptuous joy,
Parents of Anguish. In his peaceful dome,
Domestick bliss and social comfort smile
The passing hours away. His tender babes
Taught Virtue's sacred precepts, from his lip
With fond caresses and with grateful heart,
Receive the lesson pure. How sweet to see
The father leaning o'er his infant son,
With looks that beam delight ; while the loved boy,
All eye, all ear, in mute attention fixed,
Imbibes the words of knowledge ! ' Thus the morn,
Soft-smiling joys to shed her fragrant dew
On Spring's young blossoms ; and the op'ning flowers

Drink in the balmy drops, 'til all their charms
Expand in liquid lustre on the view.

His feeling heart, by sordid thirst of gold*
Untainted, scorns the execrable trade
In human blood. Across th' Atlantick wave,
He never tore from Africk's burning coast
'The' miserable wretch whom ruthless pow'r
Had found soft-slumb'ring in his rural cot
Amidst his gentle babes; that thoughtless man
Who wrapt in dreams of tenderness and bliss,

* The Quakers have used every possible exertion, both in America and Europe, to procure the abolition of the slave trade. They have also laboured indefatigably to obtain a radical reform in our penal code of laws, a system which inflicts the same indiscriminate and bloody vengeance on crimes utterly dissimilar in their nature. To a Quaker the world is indebted for the Lancastrian scheme of education, which may probably form a new era in human knowledge; and to James Bradshaw, a distinguished member of the same sect, Ireland owes the introduction of the machinery for manufacturing diaper and damask, and the apparatus so successfully used for a long period of time, in the bleaching of linen.

Had slept a freeman, but awoke a slave.
Him who indignant drags the load of life,
Far from his native bow'rs and dear-loved home,
Where weeps his spouse whose eyes shall never more
Speak to his heart unutterable things,
Soft-beaming love and rapture. Him who bears
On foreign shores, the cold unfeeling scorn
Of pampered pride, the vile and galling lash
Of petty tyrants, and the nameless pangs
Of mem'ry mingling with his present woes,
Ideal scenes of long-departed bliss
And pleasures fled forever. Him who lifts
To God his tearful eye and asks with groans,
The grateful boon of death; and wonders much,
Why from the op'ning skies, the bolt of heaven
Descends not or the lightning's living fires
On wings of vengeance sweep not from the world
The savage wretch, whose boundless rage for gold
And unrelenting tyranny, have wrung
His bleeding heart with torture and despair.

Before his fellow man the Quaker stands
In conscious virtue bold; nor dreads he aught
The scorn of princes, or the frown of kings.
'Mid desert wastes, and bleak and dreary wilds,
He joys to make the rural village rise
And tame the wand'ring hordes of savage men,
To industry and peace. What gen'rous mind
Amid Columbia's darkly-frowning woods
Bade embryo states arise, whose growing pow'r
Shall awe the world; the last, the sure retreat
Of liberty and peace, when despot force,
O'er groaning realms shall spread his iron hand
And adamantine chain; O noble PENN,
Thee, rising nations shall with grateful hearts
Proclaim their father! Infants yet unborn
Shall lisp thy name in blessings, whilst their sires
Record the wond'rous tale. Hear this and blush
Ye champions of the earth, who armed with pow'rs
Resistless, call your mercenary bands
To slaughter and to blood! Why marches forth

'The Gaul ferocious, on Hungarian plains
To slay his fellow men? And wherefore pours
The Russian fierce, upon the turbaned Turk,
His sanguinary legions? Furious lust
Of universal empire urges on
Th' insatiate chieftains; and the madd'ning crouds
Follow the war hoop. Av'rice leads the way,
And boundless thirst of pillage. In the rear,
'The fury passions stalk, remorseless Rage
And Desolation with his brand of fire,
And Rape and Rapine, Murder and revenge,
Eager for human gore. Ah! then behold
The widow bending o'er her breathless spouse,
In speechless agony! The little babe
Welt'ring in blood, e'en in its mother's arms!
And look, the blaze of yonder city mounts
And purples all the sky! Heard ye that groan
That rent the air, mixed with the savage shout
Of brutal exultation? There, alas!
Circled with flames and more devouring men,

A gentle family of love expired,
Wrapt in each other's arms! Grim Ruin stalks
O'er hill and dale, and Devastation comes
And smites the golden harvest. Famine last,
Of meagre face, and Pestilence arise,
And sweep the gleanings of the field of blood:
And this is glory! And for this the pow'r
And energies of states, concerted, lie
Beneath the tyrant's hand! Ye madmen say,
Are there not heaths and wastes and mountains vast
And vallies of interminable length,
Through all your wide dominions, where the foot
Of man hath never trod? O thither send,
If too redundant population croud
Your noisy streets, the surplusage of men!
Then shall you see delighted, o'er the wild,
Sweet Cultivation smile, and Flora spread
Her paradise of sweets, and Autumn wave
His golden harvests. Cities shall arise
Magnificent, amidst th' astonished waste,

And buisy crouds shall bless you, as they raise
The publick edifice, or temple vast,
Corinthian or Ionick. God himself,
From his empyreal realms of endless day,
Shall view the work, approving. Go and learn
The moral lore! O teach your subjects love,
Benificent and bland, and all the joys
Of social virtue and benevolence!
This is true glory, when the feeling heart,
Conscious of innate worth, and motive pure,
Expands in gen'rous acts, and man delights,
With lib'ral hand to aid his fellow man
And scatter joy along the paths of life.

ELEGIACK STANZAS,

ON THE DEATH OF ROSANNA AND JAMES PRENTICE, CHILDREN OF
THOMAS PRENTICE, ESQ. OF THE CITY OF ARMAGH.

AH! have you seen a young and tender rose,
When rising morn had chased the clouds of night,
In early spring its op'ning buds disclose,
Soft-glowing in the silver stream of light?

And have you viewed the sweetly blushing flow'r
'Ere its full charms could meet the gazing eye,
Nipped by the chilling frost's unkindly pow'r,
In langour droop its lovely form and die?

And have you seen upon the lilly pale,
The dew drop glitt'ring in the solar ray,
Tremble a moment in the passing gale,
Then melt in tepid air and die away!

Thus fell Rosanna to the silent tomb,
The spotless child of innocence and truth;
Snatched by the hand of fate in early bloom
From all the rosy joys of dawning youth.

Can manners gentle, or affections kind,
To mortals frail, prolong the vital breath;
Or all the virtues of the op'ning mind,
Arrest the unrelenting arm of death?

Ah no! from heav'n itself these virtues spring,
And for a moment are to mankind shown,
A bright example: Heaven's eternal king,
Viewed them in her, and re-assumed his own.

I saw her father breathe the-melting sigh,
 Bending in speechless anguish o'er her bier;
I saw her hapless mother's streaming eye,
 In silent sorrow pour the speaking tear.

And still the sigh, and still the tear shall flow,
 And till the energies of life shall fade,
Fond mem'ry, brooding o'er the scene of wo,
 Dwell on the dear-loved image of the maid.

Alas! Alas! Ere Time with lenient balm,
 Could to the wounded soul his aid impart;
Or resignation's softly-soothing calm,
 Still the wild tumults of the throbbing heart:

Lo! to the grave descends the darling boy,
 Entombed in anguish and embalmed in tears,
And with him fled the lonely ray of joy,
 That beamed across the winter of their years.

Friend of my youth, I feel thy sorrows mine!*

Methinks I listen to thy plaintive moan,
My heart-strings beat with ev'ry pulse of thine,
My breast responsive echoes groan for groan.

For much I loved thy son forever gone,†
From all thy hopes untimely torn away,
E'en at the moment when youth's op'ning dawn
Gave glorious promise of life's coming day.

Him, Mem'ry oft shall to thy soul restore,
And joy shall warm thee with a doubtful beam,
And thou shalt fondly gaze his image o'er,
Then weep to find that image but a dream.

* Thomas Prentice, Esq. who was always the kind and affectionate friend of the author.

† James Prentice, who died at the age of nineteen.

And oft, in midnight's solitary gloom,
Shall Fancy come and with her magic charms,
Burst through the marble prison of the tomb,
And give him back to bless thy longing arms.

And rapt in thought, thy mental eye shall see
The playful actions of his infant time,
When first he clasped with little arms thy knee,
And first essayed that honoured knee to climb.

Ah! wheresoe'er thy lonely path shall lie,
O'er gloomy glades, or woods of deepest green;
His ev'ry look shall float before thine eye,
And his loved image mingle with the scene.

Ha! who are these, that from the realms of day
Descend to bid thy mighty sorrows cease,
Who come, enrobed in Pity's mildest ray,
To whisper to thy troubled bosom peace?

'Tis Resignation, from her throne on high,
And true Religion, gentle, bland and fair,
Who lifts to heaven the hope-inspiring eye,
And tells thee thou shalt meet thy children there.

COMPASSION—A HYMN

THE tears of mercy and of love,
With more refulgent lustre shine,
Before the awful throne above,
Than all the gems of Ophir's mine

Then seek, O seek the lowly bed,
Where Sorrow, friendless and alone,
Drooping, reclines his painful head,
And meekly pours to heav'n his moan!

O ease with Pity's lenient dews,
Affliction's keen and burning smart,
And Comfort's mildest balm diffuse
Upon the deeply-wounded heart!

Speak to the widowed matron peace,
Sad-weeping o'er her orphan boy ;
O bid her anxious troubles cease,
And let her soul expand with joy !

The tears of mercy and of love,
With more refulgent lustre shine.
Before the awful throne above,
Than all the gems of Ophir's mine.

ON A BEAUTIFUL WOMAN

NURSING HER BABE.

WOMAN is Nature's darling child,
The offspring of her happiest hour,
The world without her were a wild,
A waste without a flow'r.

How sweet to see yon babe of love,
Clasped fondly to its mother's breast,
Soft as the silver-bosomed dove,
Within its downy nest!

• And sweet the tears of joy o'erflow
The roses of that blooming cheek,
Where Rapture mantles Beauty's glow,
In smiles that almost speak.

H

And every smile and winning grace,
The infant's velvet lip hath caught,
While light upon his cherub face,
Plays the young dawn of thought.

O Woman, Nature's loveliest child,
Breathed into life in happy hour,
The world without thee were a wild,
A waste without a flow'r!

Soon will thy strains in transport sung,
Thy darling's op'ning mind rejoice,
Give language to his falt'ring tongue,
And musick to his voice.

And when with silver tones of joy,
That tuneful voice shall lisp thy name,
How wilt thou gaze upon thy boy,
While pleasure thrills thy frame!

Yes, thou wilt warm him with thy kiss,
Enraptured with his infant charms,
And fold him in a trance of bliss,
Within thy tender arms.

And watch the movement of his eye,
(Where sportive mirth shall seem to dance,)
And meaning in its lustre spy,
And thought in every glance.

Then shall thy soul on Hope's bright wings,
Through future prospects fondly rove,
Fancy unutterable things,
And fairy scenes of love.

For to thy heart there shall be giv'n
Day dreams of bliss serenely mild,
Portraying ev'ry gift of heav'n,
To grace thy darling child.

O pleasing sight! Ah happy pair!

Let none that nameless bliss destroy!

May no rude chance the parent tear

From her delighted boy!

NELSON.

WHAT forms are these, divinely bright,
Celestial grace and glory blending,
Enrobed in majesty and light,
Amid the blaze of war descending?

These are the spirits of the brave,
Who in the rage of battle glorious,
Fell prematurely to the grave,
Fell in their country's cause victorious.*

*Such as Epaminondas, Wolfe, Abercrombie, &c. who died in the moment of victory.

NELSON a grateful task of love,
To them in solemn charge is given,
To waft thee to the realms above,
And place thy kindred soul in heav'n!

And who are these with downcast eyes,
That in the depths of sorrow languish,
And mournful breathe the moving sighs,
And the low sob of hopeless anguish?

Earth's noblest sons ; a gen'rous band,
Who, plaintive, pale, and broken-hearted,
Weep, as around thy corse they stand,
The hero of mankind departed.

O blest supremely in thy end,
To thee, a signal lot is given,
Two worlds to honour thee contend,
Earth with her tears, with glory heaven!

THE WOUNDED SOLDIER.

ON yonder blood-empurpled plain,
Beside the foaming ocean,
On whose steep shore, the wild waves roar,
In billowy commotion ;
Contending hosts the battle waged,
There burned the flame of fight,
And warriors, as the tempest raged,
In unrelenting wrath engaged,
Sunk to eternal night.

And when at last the victors fierce,
The work of blood had ended,
And twilight grey had passed away,
And murky night descended,;

Then shrieks of pain and hollow moans,
Terrifick rent the air,
Expiring warriors' dying groans,
And all the agonising tones
Of horror and despair.

And high upon the withered oak,
The nightly owl sat screaming,
And through the shroud of shadowy cloud,
The moon seemed scarcely beaming ;
The whistling curlew hovered round
The wild and dreary shore,
The sad wind sobbed a moaning sound,
And bitterns o'er the marshy ground,
Poured forth their booming roar.

Near that bleak spot, where yon grey rock,
Frowns o'er the foaming billow,
Stretched on the clay, a soldier lay,
The cold, cold earth his pillow ;

Wounded and musing on his woes,
To heaven he poured his sighs,
And fervent prayed that fate might close
His burning tortures in repose,
And seal in death his eyes.

When in the tempest of his grief,
And heart consuming anguish,
To his loved home, his mind would roam,
And for its comforts languish ;
Thoughts of his fond, his tender wife,
And all his children dear,
With whom he passed his happier life,
Secure from war's ferocious strife,
Oft forced the starting tear.

As thus the hapless warrior lay,
And lost in mis'ry pondered,
A bloody train who stripped the slain,
Across the valley wandered ;

Women, or rather fiends of night,
Who shunned the eye of day,
But when the pale moon lent her light,
Roamed brutal o'er the field of fight,
Like savage beasts of prey.

And one of this remorseless crew,
Observed the soldier wailing,
And heard his sighs and moans arise
In sorrow unavailing ;
Silent she stole along the shore,
(A tygress from her den,)
And in her red right hand she bore
A battle-axe all crimsoned o'er,
With blood of murdered men.

Then near the wounded man she stood,
And gazed his figure over :
Thus high above the helpless dove,
The hawk is seen to hover.

She waved the axe around her head,

No second stroke intending ;

But ere its rapid course had sped,

To strike the fainting warrior dead,

Her arm was caught descending.

Astonished, quick she wheeled around,

With furious impulse turning,

Her with'ring look a soul bespoke,

With rage malignant burning :

Then full before her on the strand,

The shadowy rock below,

She saw a lovely female stand,

And viewed aghast a youth whose hand

Had stopped th' impending blow.

Baffled the base assassin sunk—

Then o'er the soldier kneeling,

With tender air gazed the fond fair,

Rapt in tumultuous feeling ;

For in her gentle arms caressed,
Her wounded husband lay,
And as in wild confusion pressed,
She held him to her throbbing breast,
She saw him faint away.

But they have borne him to his home,
Across the bounding billow,
And friendship bland and Love's soft hand,
Have smoothed the warriors' pillow ;
And in the evening of his day,
Joy's beam hath warmed his soul,
His wounds, his cares have passed away ;
So mists before the morning ray,
Their fading volumes roll.

And see yon gibbet on a rock,
With every wild wind waving,
Where wheel their flight the prowling kite,
And vulture ever craving !

There whitening in the passing gale,
And moving to and fro,
'Th' assassin's bones o'erhang the vale,
And travellers pointing tell the tale,
And curse her as they go.

TO THE NIGHTINGALE,

A JUVENILE POEM.

O GENTLE bird of plaintive song,

Again that dying strain prolong!

Why cease thy lays so soon?

'Tis not the morning star that streams,

From yonder cloud his silver beams,

'Tis but the rising moon.

Ah, why expand thy little wing?

And wherefore from thy covert spring?

Wheel not from me thy flight?

I come to listen to thy love,

And not to steal thee from the grove,

Sweet songstress of the night!

For I, alas! like thee complain,
And fell like thee, love's ceaseless pain,
 Forlorn, my sorrows flow:
And at the midnight hour alone,
To Echo have I made my moan,
 And told my tale of wo.

Then pour, O pour thy soul along,
In the full stream of melting song,
 Even to the dawn of day!
Haply the notes distinct and clear,
May draw the sweet Maria here,
 To listen to the lay.

Then in her gentle breast may rise;
Some feelings soft, some moving sighs,
 Some pity for my sorrow:
And I who pined to-day forlorn,
Weeping in silence sad, her scorn,
 May happy be to-morrow.

AN ENIGMA.

BEFORE the moon, “resplendent queen of night,
“O’er heaven’s pure azure shed her silver light;”
And ere the sun, refulgent orb of day,
Poured o’er the earth his all diffusive ray
I was ; and circling round the blest abodes,
Coeval flourished with the God of Gods.
Sole witness I, when spirits, suns and earth,
At his grand fiat, trembled into birth.
I reigned, ere Time his minutes counted o’er
My reign shall last, when Time shall be no more.
Go soar aloft upon the solar beam,
Far as the morning pours its golden stream,
Explore the regions of ethereal air,
Or fathom ocean’s depth, and I am there!

Thence should you plunge amid the deep profound,
Where hell and darkness breathe their horrors round
There also I extend my ample reign,
'Midst shrieks and groans of agonizing pain.
In me exist the cares, the toils, the strife,
And mingled joys that chequer human life;
The pangs of want, th' unfeeling pride of power,
Sorrow's deep sigh, and Pleasure's festive hour.
The cheek, suffused with rapture's soft delight,
The eye that sinks in everlasting night,
The bridegroom gazing on his fair one's charms,
The orphan, dying in its mother's arms,
The virgin, blushing like the dawning day,
The robber scowling o'er his murdered prey,
The warrior, fighting on th' encrimsoned plain,
The victor hero and the mangled slain,
The monarch, glorious on his gorgeous throne,
The wo-worn beggar, friendless and alone,
The lowly vale, the cloud-embosomed hill,
The foaming ocean, and the murm'ring rill,

Kingdoms and continents, and sea-beat isles,
Where tempests thunder, or where Flora smiles ;
The glowing heav'ns, the starry worlds that run
Their wondrous circuit round the blazing sun ;
All things above, beneath, or great, or small,
Are full of me, and I am full of all.
Though motionless I am, yet without me
No motion is, no change can ever be.
Come forth ye mightiest champions of the land,
And you, ye sages come, a thoughtful band !
Try all your force, essay your noblest art,
Of me you cannot move onè trivial part.
Yet smallest atoms pierce me through with ease,
And I am previous to the gentlest breeze.
Seek ye my form ? A mighty sphere am I,
Greater than earth, and air, and sea, and sky.
Where'er you go, whatever spot you enter ;
Here, there, and every where is placed my centre,
But no where my periphery, and hence,
Vain is the search for my circumference.

Yet though I am this vast unwieldly thing,
I lurk within the circle of a ring,
Such as queen Mab, or fairy Puck might wear,
Or gay Titania, with the golden hair.
Nay, in the pupils of a midge's eye,
Secure, beyond thy prying search I lie.
In fine, I neither matter am, nor spirit,
Guess then my name, and I allow thee merit.

EVELINA,

A TRANSLATION FROM THE IRISH.

ARISE, O my love! near yon dew-spangled bower,
That waves its green boughs in the soft-sighing
gale,

The ring of day breaks on the hawthorn's white
flower,

That hangs in full bloom on the brow of the vale.

Hark! hark to that voice! 'Tis the silver-toned lay
Of dawn's early herald saluting the light,
High soaring, to view the bright monarch of day,
When glorious, he bursts through the circle of
night.

O'er yonder blue mountain, while morning advances,
His delicate flush through the atmosphere glows,

And he blends the soft blush with his smiles and
his glances,
That wanton he kissed from the crimson-lipped
rose.

O soul of my soul, Evelina arise!
More charming thy smile than the morn's mild-
est hues,
More modest the beam of thy love-kindling eyes,
Than the lily, when rifled she weeps in her dew.

The richness of wild-honey dwells on thy lip,
Such sweets lie enclosed in the bean's balmy flower,
And tempt the winged bee its soft nectar to sip,
E're exhal'd by the sun, or dissolv'd by the shower.

Red, red is that lip, thus deliciously glowing,
As the strawb'rry that peeps at the foot of the
thorn,

Or tender moss-rose, when in loveliness blowing,
It poutingly bends in the tears of the morn.

More fragrant thy breath than the apple's bright
blossom,

Whose perfume young Zephyr hath stol'n as he
goes,

When trembling, he pants on its half open bosom,
And sighs, as he leaves it to rifle the rose.

O glossy and black, as the jetty winged raven,
Adown thy white shoulders thy dark tresses flow ;
And seem, when thy ringlets are sportively waving,
Like shadows that move o'er a surface of snow !

More fair is thy neck than the moon-beam in motion,
Or down of the swan, when he floats in his pride,
And his bosom that rests on the slow-moving ocean,
Is wantonly heaved by the swell of the tide.

Arise, Evelina! the sun-beam descending,
Yet lingers, with kisses thy beauty to meet,
And the heath and the wild furze, their bloomy
sweets blending,
Reserve all their odours my fair one to greet.

I will range o'er the grove, at the foot of yon mountain,
Where coos, in soft rapture, the gentle ring-dove,
And cull the fresh flowrets that bloom near the fountain,
And lay all the sweets at the foot of my love.

Fair queen of soft transport, my soul's only treasure,
O life of my heart, in thy beauty arise!
For ah! ev'ry hour of thy absence I measure,
And number each moment that passes with sighs.

How long wilt thou leave me, thus lonely repining,
To echo repeating my sorrowful tale,

MORNA'S HILL.*

Now, when before the genial warmth of spring
Stern winter's hoary frosts have fled away ;
And when, o'er ev'ry vale and ev'ry hill,
Beauty, her variegated robe expands
In artless elegance, and with her joins
Simplicity, the sweetest, loveliest child
Of nature and of truth ; from her retreat,
The muse rejoicing walks, and by her side,
With placid look, lo Contemplation comes !
For now no more, with sad and sullen sound,
The tempest howls, but ev'ry wind is still,
Save where the western breeze, with silken wing,
Ling'ring on balmy flow'rets, softly sighs

* In the neighbourhood of Armagh.

His dulcet murmur; whilst aloft in air,
Stealing from melody her tend'rest tones,
The lark, self-poised, salutes the rosy morn,
Breathing the soul of love. Charmed with the song,
Yon blooming youth, whose light and hasty steps,
Late brushed the morning dew, delighted stands,
Rapt in a dream of joy. Aloft his eye
Gazes intense, until the am'rous bird,
(His vocal warbling ended,) from his height
Of viewless air descending, drops well pleased
Into its downy nest, and all the choir
Of sylvan songsters, by the lay aroused,
Salutes the rising sun, and ev'ry glade,
Woodland and copse, resound the lofty strain.

Warmed by the genial breathings of the spring,
See, where on Morna's hill, the lofty trees
Expand their leafy honours! Morning's beam
Plays on the tender buds and op'ning flowers
That drink the stream of light; and Zephyr flits

Light o'er their sweets, and dips his airy wing
In Night's translucent tears. The azure heaven
Smiles o'er the scene, for Loveliness hath spread
Her tend'rest blushes on the orient sky.

As round the pine-clad top of Morna's hill
Slowly I wind, what varied scenes appear
In glorious prospect? Whether o'er the plains
Mantled in green, the eye delighted roves,
Or where yon spires peep o'er the sloping hills,
And glitter in the sun; or where aloft,
Thy column Rokeby,* lifts its head in air,
High o'er the verdant pines, transmitting down
To latest years, thy friendship and thy name!
Or thine, O Molyneux,† that stands sublime,

* Built by the late Dr. Richard Robinson, baron Rokeby, Archbishop of Armagh, by whom it was dedicated to the Duke of Northumberland.

† Built by the late right honourable Sir Capel Molyneux, Bart. "to commemorate the glorious revolution which took place in favour of the constitution of this kingdom

With form majestic, o'er thy waving woods,
Raised to thy country's glory in the day
Of Erin's fame! How lovely bloom the groves
Whose bending tops play wanton in the gale,
Mingling their varied hues! Bright through the vales
The streams soft gliding, wind their devious course,
Deep'ning the tender verdure of the fields,
And mantling ev'ry blossom of the spring
In robes of humid lustre. Round the hills
Dwell Innocence and rural Industry,
And Peace, and jocund Health, and sinewy Toil,
The sire of Plenty, though the child of want.
Now distant scenes delight the raptured soul,
The town remote, the forests darkly seen,
The azure mountain's cloud-embosomed head,

under the auspices of the volunteers of Ireland." This gentleman inherited the patriotick principles of his collateral ancestor, the celebrated William Molyneux, who wrote the case of Ireland and was the intimate friend of John Locke.

Obscurely grand, that flings upon the eye
A doubtful image, like the less'ning view
Of things, seen dimly through the twilight grey,
And yonder lake, whose wide-extending waves,*
Swollen by unnumbered tributary streams,
Mimick the majesty of Ocean's form.

Nor wants the glowing landscape many a charm,
Transmitted down through Time's revolving years
To dignify the scene. The sacred mound,
Where waves the wild grass o'er the prostrate heads
Of heroes now no more. The convex cairne
That crowns the heath-clad hill, where silent sleeps
The mighty Fion; and the antique rath
Within whose circular intrenchments stood
Secure embattled hosts; ere Science taught
The sons of war to sweep the tented field

* Lough Neagh

With murd'rous cannon. Contemplation loves
To dwell upon these objects; and the soul,
Deep-musing, turns to deeds of ancient days,
And snatches, from the annals of the world,
A sadly-pleasing, melancholy joy.

Near Callan's winding stream, whose lucid wave,
Soft-flowing, laves thy flower-bespangled banks,
Fair Tullamore! beneath yon moss-clad mound,
The mighty Nial slumbers, Erin's king,*
His country's champion, and his people's pride.
Blest was the land, beneath the patriot's sway,

* A few years ago, when this poem was written, the tumulus of Nial existed in perfect preservation, on the banks of the river Callan, surrounded by venerable thorns, the growth of centuries. The late John Pooler, Esq. who lived on the lands of Tullamore, held this spot in such reverence, that in his will, he ordered his remains to be buried beside the royal mound. Since his decease, the tumulus has been destroyed, and the tomb erected over this private gentleman, is now the only memorial of the place where the monarch of Ireland rests.

And blest the monarch in his country's love.
Beneath his eye, the daughter of his age,
The gentle Malga grew ; the loveliest maid
Of Erin's dark-eyed nymphs : fired with her charms,
The noble Connel, Ullin's warrior prince,*
Breathed to the yielding fair his tender tale,
And in her speaking eye and glowing cheek,
Read love's soft answer. Soon the monarch saw
The mutual flame, approving. Ev'ry hour
Fled light along on Pleasure's rosy wing,
For fast approached the long-expected day,
When Erin's prelate, at the sacred shrine,
Should join the blooming pair. All thoughtless they
Of aught but joy ; 'till from his northern shores,
The fierce Turgesius came, and o'er the land
Rushed desolation ; for the furious Dane,
Remorseless poured around his savage bands,

*Son to Murchad of Aileaghe.

All breathing death and slaughter. Awful gleamed
The glowing welkin, with the redd'ning blaze
Of prostrate cities ; ev'n the sacred fanes,
Built to the God of Gods, in ruin smoked
Before the impious crew. The hoary priest,
Meek man of peace, smote at the awful shrine,
Sighed out his soul in prayer, and widows wept
Their murdered spouses, and in terror gazed
Upon their orphaned babes ; for nought availed
The trembling matron's pity-asking eye,
To save her much-loved child. Ev'n Beauty's self
Implored for mercy, but implored in vain ;
And tears, the eloquence of nature, failed
To move the savage, unrelenting foe.

Fired with his people's wrongs, the monarch rose
Indignant, and the warriors of the land
Thronged to his standard, panting to avenge
Their country's woes. First in the valiant train

Stood Ullin's prince, who from Emania led*
A host heroick, in the field of fight
Invincible ; and burning all to meet
The sacrilegious Dane. Connacian troops,
Led by Fläethri, came. The Dalgai fierce,
Joined by the Lagenian and Momonian bands,
Poured eager to the battle. Near the site,
Where smoked the ruined temple of their God,†
Amid the prostrate city stood the host,
Circling their venerable prelate round,
And list'ning to his voice. The holy man
Came forth to bless the people, and to lift

* Emania was built 350 years before the Christian era. See O'Conner's Dissertations, page 49. It was sacked by the Colla, and its king Feargus Fogha slain. A. D. 336. See O'Halloran, 2d vol. page 288. The Chieftains of Ulster were accustomed to meet there, notwithstanding the ruin of the place, even after the death of Nial the third.

† Armagh, a short time before this assemblage of Irish troops, had been sacked by the Danes, but they had evacuated the place, and were then intrenched at Navan fort.

Their awe-struck hearts on pure Devotion's wing,
To HIM, before the terror of whose word,
Armies are scattered, light as air-borne chaff,
Amid the whirlwind's rage. The hoary bard,
Divine Connaid, swept with hurried hand
The loud-resounding harp, and high his voice
Burst through the silent ranks. "Away! Away
"Ye sons of Erin, on the impious foe
"Vengeful descend, and sweep him from the land!
"Behold, across the bosom of the air,
"Th' embattled spirits of your fathers march,
"And urge the sacred combat! See the forms
"Of Heber and Heremon lift aloft
"The blood-red standard, and with airy spears
"Point to yon ruined fane, where lowly lie
"Your slaughtered infants and your hoary sires,
"With the fond partners of your hopes and joys,
"All weltring in their gore. Away! Away!
"Ye sons of Erin, on the impious Dane
"Vengeful descend, and sweep him from the land!"

He said....Loud acclamations rend the skies,
Like peals of vollied thunder. Forth they march
Impetuous, eager for the fight, and keen
For glory and revenge. Nor shunned the foe
The sanguinary war, but burst amain,
(Like mountain torrents, in the winter storm,)
From Navan's convex mount. Hills, woods and
 plains
Resound the trumpets' clangour and the shout
Of hostile warriors. Awful was the strife,
And loud the din of fight, for man to man,
And horse to horse opposed, the closing ranks
Conflicting mingled and the hand of Death,
Wielding his blood-stained sword, resistless smote
The marshalled squadrons. Through the battle's
 rage,
Impetuous burst Turgesius, whilst his son,
Tomal the fierce, on Erin's aged king,
Rushed like a whirlwind. See his ardent eye
Glares on the monarch, and his waving sword.

Already dooms him dead! a mightier arm
Arrests the blow descending. Ullin's prince,
With interposing shield and vengeful hand
Protects his sov'reign, and the vanquished Dane
Falls lifeless at his feet. Loud clamour rends
The echoing hills, for now th' invading host,
Who saw their mightiest slain astonished fled
Before the sons of Erin. Havock pressed
Close on the rear, and smote the trembling foe.
All day, o'er hill and dale, the routed Danes,
In wild confusion poured, till murky night
Wrapt all the plains in darkness and in storm,
And deep'ning clouds enrobed the skies with gloom.
Meantime, the voice of Fame with many tongues,
To Malga bears the tidings. Suden joy
Swells ev'ry vein, and ev'ry pulse beats high
With tides of transport. Much the fair one longed
For morning's dawn, and when the orient sky
Blushed with the sunbeam, forth the virgin went
In all her blooming charms, which rapturous hope

Had flushed to tenfold loveliness. Her eye
Beamed forth delight, and in her snowy hand,
Two flowery wreaths the charming princess bore,
To crown her sire and lover. Choral songs,
And hymns of joy, from many tongues arose
Harmonious ; for around the peerless maid,
Thronged Erin's white-armed nymphs, a matchless
train.

Through lawns and groves the sweet procession moved,

Rejoicing, till across Umgola's vale,
They saw the victor host, with glory crowned,
Down Tullamore descending. Eager throbbed
Their beating hearts, for loud resounding peals
Of transport from their kindred warriors burst
Triumphant o'er the plain. The chieftains hailed
The panting virgins, and exulting waved
The red-branch flag in air. Fleet as the wind,
Borne on his bounding charger, Ullin's prince
Rushed eager forward ; but a mountain flood
L

Foamed o'er Callina's banks. A moment paused
The ardent lover, on the blushing fair
Gazing impatient ; then impetuous plunged
Amid the envious waters. Hapless deed !
For lo, the torrent with resistless force,
O'erwhelms the lab'ring steed, and sweeps the chief
A down the watry wild ! Then shrieks of fear,
Mingled with groans of anguish, rend the air.
Yet Hope, a moment, sheds a passing gleam
Upon the trembling heart ; for see, the prince
Emerges on the stream, and idly grasps
With hand convulsive, at the foaming wave,
Struggling for life ! Moved at the awful sight,
The noble Nial, from the sedgy bank,
Springs to the chieftain's aid. With eager arms,
He clasps the sinking prince. Ah, effort vain !
The eddying torrent, in a wat'ry grave,
Ingulphs the hapless pair. Hark, to that shriek !
O 'twas the voice of death ! In that shrill cry,
The spirit of the gentle Malga fled,

And prone to earth, the lovely maid hath fall'n,
To rise, alas! no more. Yon sacred mound,*
(Where Pity weeps, and Love, with pious hand

* The narrative given in this poem of Nial's death, corresponds with the universal tradition of the country, which is strongly confirmed by different Irish Historians. See O'Connor's Dissertations, page 234. See also Comerford, &c. According to H. M'Curtin, Nial was drowned in the river Callan, in the year 868. See his work, page 168. O'Halloran refers it to the year 848. This monarch has been denominated by O'Flaherty, and other historians, Nial Caille, from the place of his death.

Tradition says that Crievaro was for some centuries after the Christian Era, the residence of the kings of Ulster. This place lies two miles west of Armagh. Immediately adjoining and overlooking it, is Navan fort, or lios, probably constructed to protect the royal residence. The outward rampart and trench which surround the hill, continue in nearly their original state, and are almost a mile in circumference. On the top of the hill is a convex mound, containing about an Irish acre, encircled also by a rampart and trench. In a small bog on the east side of the fort, four brazen trumpets were found in the year 1798, at the depth of eight feet. They were all of the same size and form, being nearly semicircular. The length of the curve was six feet. The diameter of the tubes at the small end was one inch, at the larger end $3\frac{1}{2}$ inches. No solder had been used in the construction of these instruments, yet they were perfectly air-tight. The edges of the plate of which each is formed, when brought together, had been very neatly ri-

Decks the green sod with flowers,) from age to age
Transmits their glory, and records their fame.

Behold that monument of former times,
Yon mouldering abbey.* O'er the roofless walls,

vetted to a thin slip of brass placed under the joint, the whole length of the instrument. One of these instruments is now in the possession of Colonel Hall. The second was given to Lieut. Gen. Alexander Campbell. The third remains with Robert Pooler of Tyross, Esq. in whose lands they were found. The fourth was put into the hands of an ingenious workman, who undertook to make a mouthpiece for it, and after his decease it was purloined. These trumpets had doubtless been used at the battle in which Nial Caile, routed the Danes. Human skulls and other bones were found in the same place which by the antiseptic quality of the bog, had been kept in a state of perfect preservation, though their colour had become a dusky brown. One of these skulls is, I believe, yet in possession of John Simpson, Esq. M. D. It is a remarkable circumstance that the parts of this skull could easily be separated into distinct lamina exceedingly thin, smooth as the finest paper, and capable of receiving the most delicate impressions of ink, made with a pen, and of retaining them like parchment.

* The ruins of an abbey in the neighbourhood of Armagh, founded by St. Patrick, A D. 457, one of the most celebrated ecclesiastical universities in the world. See Monasti-

Green ivy creeps ; and through the grass-grown aisle,
Sépulchral monuments, with sculpture rude,
Tell to the passengers the simple tale
Of sorrow and of death. There Science once,
Amid the splendid fabrick reigned supreme.
Her, the rude turbulence of lawless pow'r
Had exiled from the venerable seats
Of philosophic lore. Yet here escaped
From the fierce tumult of vindictive war,
Secure the nymph with calm Religion dwelled,
Sequestered from the world. Around her thronged.
Her sacred sons, a pure and holy train,
Who, from the heaven-descended virgin caught

con Hibernicum, page 14. H. M'Curtin, who quotes Feidlim's annals, asserts, page 289, that 7000 scholars were taught in this seminary, under Dubthach, fifth bishop of Armagh, who died A. D. 513. His testimony is corroborated by that of Florence Carty, by the author of the tripartite life of St. Patrick, and by the annals of Ulster.

Celestial inspiration. Wide around
They spread the living flame ; and Europe saw
The torch of learning, which barbarian hands
Had quenched in Gothick night, illumine once more
Th' astonished nations. Now the lonely pow'r
Of silence broods amid the ruined scene,
Where once soul-moving strains of joy divine,
With hallelujahs filled the lofty dome ;
And the deep-peeling organ around
Celestial tones that raised the raptured soul,
Borne on a flood of harmony sublime,
E'en to the heav'n of heav'ns. Ah whither now
Is fled the sacred choir, whose silver notes
Blending concordant, floated on the gale
In tides of solemn music ; or again,
Melting in gentle cadence died away,
Till scarce the list'ning ear in rapture lost,
Could catch the doubtful sound ? sweet was the strain
As the soft breathings of Eolian harp

When Zephyr, ling'ring on the trembling strings,
Prolongs the murm'ring thrill that seems to float
High over head, amid the realms of air.
And whither now is fled the meek-eyed sage,
Who scorning all the tinsel pomp of life,
Retired with virtue to the peaceful cell,
And lived to God alone? No longer moves,
In grand procession to the sacred shrine,
The awe-struck train, or bows the humble knee
With contrite heart, before the king of kings.
Time with his iron grasp, resistless tears
The massy fabrick. To the earth descends
The lofty roof, and round the naked walls,
Grim ruin stalks. The gothick arches bend
In awful desolation. There the owl
Hides moping from the glaring face of day;
Or when the moon-beam, through the parted wall,
Tinges the prostrate tombs with silver light,
Shrieks forth his sorrows; and the sombrous bat,

On wandering wing, flits o'er the solemn scene,
With hideous aspect and uncertain flight.
Meet emblem this of all the joys of man,
And all his earthly glories. High he builds;
Elate and confident, his airy hopes,
Nor dreads the latent storm, that lurks o' blast
The unsubstantial vision. Pleasure's spell,
The blaze of pomp, the gaudy crown of power,
And all the splendours of this transient life,
Before the wand of time dissolve away,
E'en like the meteor's glance, whose lucid form
Sinks in the gulf of darkness. Ah behold,
What mighty empires fall to rise no more!
Prone in the dust, what gorgeous cities lie
In shapeless ruin! Queen of eastern realms,
O Babylon where are thy lofty walls,
Thy warlike battlements, thy temples vast,
Thy marble streets, thy palaces and towers,
Thy pendant gardens, and thy silver baths?

Go Luxury, and view that awful scene!

Behold the viper and the scaly snake

Twine through the prostrate walls, where jocund

Mirth

And revelry and noisy Riot shared

With kings the splendid banquet. Look at Thebes!

Where are her high-arched porticoes, her domes

Of solid granite, and her hundred gates,

Through whose expanding valves, in bright array

And growing panoply refulgent clad,

Issued embattled hosts? E'en thus shall fall

Those lofty cities, that in latter days

Lift their aspiring heads; and future bards

Shall ask where Pekin was, or search in vain,

Constantinople, for thy solemn mosques

And ruined battlements! And thus at last,

When circling Time hath run his ages o'er,

Merged in eternity, shall earth itself

And all those splendid worlds that roll above,

Melt into empty space; and angels show
To heav'n's new denizens, in wonder rapt,
The vacant spot, where once their glowing orbs,
Enrobed in light, had wheeled their glorious course.

TIME.

LINES OCCASIONED BY A DECEASED YOUNG FRIEND'S HAVING OBSERVED WHEN IN A DECLINING STATE OF HEALTH, "THAT TO HIM TIME APPEARED TO HAVE FEET OF IRON, AND WINGS OF LEAD."

WHEN rosy Pleasure's balmy flowers
Beneath our footsteps spring,
And o'er youth's ever fragrant bow'rs,
Joy waves his purple wing ;

When in the rapture-beaming eye,
Mirth's sportive fancies speak,
And health expands her vermil die,
Upon the dimpled cheek :

And gentle love, and sparkling wine,
Their social pow'rs impart,
And Friendship's golden links entwine
Around the willing heart.

Unseen, unfelt, the hours advance,
And glide in silence on ;
'Time passes like a rapid glance
And like a thought is gone.

Swift on the lightning's wing he moves,
Whilst o'er his pathless way
The Smiles, the Graces and the loves
Scatter the sweets of May.

Playful we cull the flow'rs that rise
And bloom on Pleasure's plain ;
But quick th' insidious wanderer flies
Ne'er to return again.

In vain with Mem'ry's mimick power

Time's rapid course we trace,

His years appear a fleeting hour,

His days a moment's space.

But ah! when Sickness, Care and pain,

And sorrow's burning smart,

And pale Misfortune's haggard train,

Assail the sinking heart ;

Within his icy grasp, Time bears

An hour-denoting glass,

Where Anguish marks with trickling tears,

The minutes as they pass.

On iron foot, and leaden wing,

With heavy pace, and slow,

Ling'ring he blasts Hope's flow'ry spring,

Wide-satt'ring death and wo.

M

NIGHT.

The setting sun's declining beam
Sheds in the west one golden gleam,
That gilds yon cloud with trembling ray,
The farewell glance of dying day.

Retiring Eve, a meek-eyed maid,
In dew-bespangled vest arrayed,
O'er every mountain grove and plain,
Fondly prolongs her gentle reign.
Pleased Nature, robed in softest green,
Salutes her with a smile serene;
And as the charmer steals along,
Winged warblers hail her with their song;
The flowers a milder radiance flushes,
They greet her with their tend'rest blushes:

She lingring on the breezy dale,
Sighs as she leaves the fragrant vale,
And ev'ry infant bud appears,
All moistened with her parting tears.

Daughter of Darkness ; Solemn pow'r
Queen of the solitary hour ;
O dewy Night, " tired Nature's " friend,
Once more in all thy charms descend !
Not now as when o'er half the globe,
Frowning thou spread'st thy sable robe,
Whilst awful o'er thy murky skies,
The thunders roll, and tempest flies,
And through the womb of darkness gleam
The lightning's flash, the meteor's beam ;
And burning balls, whose mighty stroke,
Resistless, rends the knotted oak,
Or buries in a flood of fire,
The temple or the lofty spire.

'Then, from the clouds descends amain,
In floods, the tempest driv'n rain,
Dark torrents down the mountains roar,
And through the deluged vallies pour;
And billows lift their mighty head,
Tremendous over Ocean's bed;
And borne upon the raging tide,
Aloft the rocking vessels ride,
Then hurried down the watry steep,
Rush headlong to the yawning deep;
Whilst Tumult rides upon the air,
And shrieks of horror and despair.

O come not robed in liquid fire,
As when the living flames aspire,
From Etna or Strombolo high,
In blazing torrents to the sky,
Whilst down the hill and o'er the plain;
'The melting lava sweeps amain,

O'er rocks and streams and woods and bow'rs
And prostrate palaces and tow'rs!

O bring not terrors such as these,
But greet us with thy balmiest breeze.

'Thou com'st!—The less'ning objects fade,
Seen dimly through thy deep'ning shade;
'The vale has lost it's robe of green
The tranquil lake it's azure sheen,
The cataract it's shining spray
That glittered in the evening ray,
The tender rose, it's crimson blush,
Heavn's azure arch it's ruddy flush,
And distant woods and mountains high
Seem blending with the dark'ning sky.

Come forth, ye starry hosts of night
And beam around your twinkling light!

Now bursting through night's sable sphere
Behold the lucid train appear!
'Their matchless queen ascending slow,
Sheds o'er the sky her softest glow:
Whilst far o'er ocean's vast expanse,
Her trembling rays of glory glance,
In majesty she seems to ride,
Borne on the bosom of the tide:
'Tinged with her soft and shadowy light,
The landscape swims upon the sight:
'The lofty wood, the rocky steep,
'The level surface of the deep,
'The neighbouring mountains tumbling stream
Seemed softened by her silver beam:
The distant hills confusedly rise
In doubtful forms against the skies;
Grey mist their lofty summits shrouds,
Half curtained in a veil of clouds,
And far below, the gloomy glade
Lies buried in a shapeless shade.

Now in this still and placid hour
Mild sleep descends, a lenient pow'r ;
The heavy lids of mortals close,
And nature gains a sweet repose.
Yet Av'rice peers with wakeful eyes.
And Love his vigil keeps with sighs:
The poet, near some winding stream,
Ponders his visionary theme,
Companion of his way is given
Fair Science with her eye on heaven ;
Pale Guilt, upon his downy bed,
Pillows in vain his aching head ;
Remorse inflicts his burning pain
And Horror fires his madd'ning brain.
Now Malice bars her venom'd dart,
Stern Vengeance rankling in her heart ;
Behold the dark assassin goes
To smite her unsuspecting foes !
Glowing in fierce Ambition's breast,
Lo Phrenzy robs his soul of rest,

With waking dreams of wars alarms,
The tempest and the din of arms !

'Twere well if Vice's sons alone
Poured on the ear of night their moan :
But hark ! What accents sad and low,
Breathe forth the solemn tones of wo ?
'Tis the slain soldier's orphan son,
Who wails his sire forever gone !
List to yon lonely matron's cry,
Who lifts to heaven her tearful eye !
Still shall that hapless widow weep,
There Sorrow's dart " hath murdered sleep."
'To her how sad the midnight gloom,
Whose love lies cold beneath the tomb !

The flow'rs no more their beauty spread,
But shut the leaf and bow the head ;

Scorched by the glories of the noon,
They slumber now beneath the moon,
Refreshing in her milder ray,
Their charms to face the coming day,
So shall they breathe more sweet perfume,
And in more vivid splendour bloom.

Hid in the bosom of the grove,
The birds forget their tales of love,
All but the lonely nightingale,
Who from the thicket in the dale,
Pours on the air his lofty sound,
Breathing the soul of Rapture round,
'Till sunk in wailing notes and slow,
The melting lays more plaintive flow
In tones for melancholy meet,
And cadence musically sweet.
A pause succeeds:—and o'er the plain,
Echo, well-pleased, repeats the strain,

The bird delighted, leans to hear
His notes returning on the ear,
Then mounted higher on the spray,
He pours a fuller, bolder lay!

Come Contemplation, lonely pow'r,
That lov'st the still and solemn hour,
Come gaze upon those orbs that roll
In silence round the glowing pole!
The sparkling planet's borrowed beam,
The fixed star's less refulgent stream:
And meteors that with lurid glare,
Shoot sudden through the parting air,
And robed in transitory fire,
'Ere thought can reach, their course expire:

Fancy expand thy wings of light,
And speed through heaven my lofty flight!
I see ten thousand systems rise,
And other orbs guild other skies,

And quicker than the solar ray,
I shoot along the milky way,
Or various unknown worlds explore,
And wander all their beauties o'er ;
'Thence as I gaze with curious eye,
Far o'er the regions of the sky,
Earth seems to float in ether bright,
A trembling spark of moving light,
In spiry course around her twines
The silver moon, and fainter shines ;
The sun himself now viewed afar,
Seems but a more refulgent star.

O could I run my airy race,
Amid the boundless realms of space,
'Till all those systems glitt'ring here,
In distance lost should disappear !
E'en then before my wond'ring eyes,
New orbs would glow, new stars arise,

New suns with radiant glory stream,
New planets glitter in their beam,
And by resistless impulse hurled,
New comets blaze from world to world!

Almighty father, power divine,
Prostrate I bow before thy shrine!
These are thy works, thou glorious cause
Of Nature's everlasting laws!
The sun whose all-diffusive ray
Pours life amid the blaze of day;
The moon, resplendant queen of night,
That beams o'er earth reflected light;
The stars of heav'n that nightly roll,
In splendour round the silent pole;
The trembling beams that shoot in spires,
O'er Arctick realms electrick fires,
These from thy mighty fiat rise,
And all the glories of the skies!

CREATION.

A HYMN.

ERE the lonely pow'r of night,
From her ancient realm was hurled,
From the throne of living light,
Burst a voice, "Exist O World!

Awful rolled the solemn sound,
Swift arose the new-born earth,
Deep within the vast profound,
Ocean trembled into birth!

Then amid the realms of space,
Blazed the splendid orb of day,
Earth unveiled her youthful face,
Glitt'ring in his purple ray.

Glorious through the glowing sky,
Shone the starry host above,
Angels shouted forth for joy,
Rapt in ecstasy and love.

Through the heav'ns triumphant ran,
Sounds of glory and of praise,
Wond'ring at his being, Man
Rose and joined the grateful lays.

Who was he what mighty God
Bade the reign of darkness cease,
At the terror of whose nod,
Frighted chaos sunk to peace?

Why before his dreadful word,
Fled these eldest-born of things?
'Twas the Everlasting Lord
'Twas Jehovah, King of Kings!

High enthroned, above all height,
Glorious in the bright abodes,
Clothed in honour, robed in light,
Dwells this awful God of Gods!

THE DESERTED DAUGHTER.

COLD, hungry and sad, through this wild waste of
snow,

In the horrors of darkness, distracted I go.

Shall we kneel, O my child, at thy grandfather's
door,

Whence, relentless and cruel, he spurned us before?

My mother, behold at thy threshold I lie!

On the babe of my love cast a pitying eye!

From the tempest of night screen this woe wasted
form,

For I shrink in the blast of the merciless storm.

By the tears that you shed when I first saw the day,

And helpless and weak on thy bosom I lay,

By all the soft raptures that glowed in your breast,

When delighted, you clasped me and sung me to rest;

By the feelings maternal that thrilled through your
frame,

When with infantile accents I first lisped your name,
And the joys that you felt, when I playfully strove
To climb your dear knee for the kiss of your love.

On my innocent babe cast a pitying eye !

Behold at thy threshold in sorrow I lie !

From the tempest of night, screen my wo-wasted
form,

For I shrink in the blasts of the merciless storm.

If ever you hung with delight o'er your child,

If you wept when I wept, if you smiled when I
smiled,

If my gentle endearments could ever impart,

In youth's early morning, one joy to your heart :

If in life's anxious troubles, I brought you relief ;
If I watched you in sickness, and soothed you in
 grief,
From the tempest of night shield this wo-wasted
 form,
For I shrink in the blast of the merciless storm.

'To thee my poor babe lifts her hands and her eyes,
O shut not thy heart from her soul-rending cries !
But save HER at least, shield her delicate form,
'Though I sink in the blast of the pitiless storm !

'Thus she prayed....but her father enraged, from the
 door

Now spurns her again, as he spurned her before ;
Cold and pale, falls her child on her wo-wasted form,
And she dies in the blast of the pitiless storm !

THE RAINBOW.

WHEN o'er the charms of Spring

A sudden whirlwind flies,

And storms their vap'ry curtain fling

Across the deep'ning skies :

All Nature weeps, till heav'n's grand bow

In radiant form appears,

Shining with soft and tender glow,

On Ev'ning's falling tears.

Then through yon humid cloud,

Sol pours his sparkling stream,

Melting in liquid gold the shroud

That veiled his vital beam ;

And glitt'ring gay, the sunny showers

Float on the balmy gale,

Mantling with brighter hues, the flow'rs,

With deeper green, the vale.

Thus when Misfortune's blasts,
 Dark o'er our prospects roll,
And Sorrow's deep'ning shade o'ercasts
 The sunshine of the soul ;
If life's fair rainbow, Hope, arise,
 Bright through the mental gloom,
Then cheered by Fancy's op'ning skies,
 Once more Joy's flow'rets bloom.

RAMA'S ISLAND.

O'ER hills and dales, and wood-encircled glades,
And winding streams, that glitter in the sun,
A grand and varying scene, the wand'ring eye
In sweetest transport roves; still hurried on
By beauty's changeful image, 'till at length,
It pauses on the bosom of that lake,*
Whose undulating surface spreads around
Magnificently great, and seems to meet
Yon distant clouds that bend their fleecy forms,
And mingling with the azure waters, drop
Their airy curtain o'er the tranquil deep.

*Lough-Neagh.

Lo, o'er the lucid lake, fair Rama lifts
Its verdant head. Around its stony base,
Swells the white wave ; but on the sloping side,
Flora hath lavished all the charms of spring,
A wilderness of sweets. There in festoons,
Laburnum waves his boughs ; and ere the heat
Of Summer glows intence, his yellow flow'rs
Wave pensile in the odour-breathing gale.
There blooms the lilach ; there the mountain ash,
The variegated holly's prickly boughs,
And laurel ever-green. Around the elm
The jessamine and am'rous woodbine twine,
And scent the ambient air, whose wanton kiss
Greets every flower, that on the verdant isle
Vertumnus spreads ; the rose's glowing cheek,
The lily pale, the balmy violet,
The yellow-eyed auricula, deep-flushed
It's velvet breast with purple, spicy pinks,
Carnations rich, the gaudy piony,

The gorgeous tulip of majestick form,
The ev'ning star that opes it's snowy breast
And golden eye to meet the rising moon ;
The turncap lily that in beauty blows
With leaf reversed, and drops it's scarlet head
Pregnant with yellow seed ; Narcissus fair,
The stately sunflower, whose revolving form,
Drinking the rays of light, in circle moves
Diurnal ; and the gently-drooping flow'r,
The lily of the vale, who modest hides,
Amidst encircling leaves, her matchless charms.
More glorious these, in Nature's sweet attire,
Graceful enrobed, than all the tinsel pomp
Of imitative pageantry and dress
That blazes round the monarchs of the world,

There, half-embosomed in the waving grove,
Stands Rama's tower, of antiquated form,
Cylindrical. Around its stony base,

Tempests have rolled, and thunders spent their rage
In vain. Time with assailing arm
Hath smote the summit, but the solid base
Derides the lapse of ages. There are seen,
(So superstition dreams,) the fairy group,
Fantastic tripping, in the silver beam
Of night's effulgent queen; and there are heard
Deep lamentations from the wailing ghosts
Of melancholy maids, who pined for love,
And perished in its narrow pile forlorn.

Dithorba, monarch of the nothern plains,
Who in Temona's lofty castle dwelled,
This fabric raised. The boldest chieftain he,
That ever o'er thy lands, O Ullin, reigned
With power despotick. From Heremon sprang

N. B. Mr. Whittle, to whom this island belongs, has
beautified it by plantations, and converted it into a most de-
lightful spot.

His noble race; boundless ambition burned,
Insatiate in his breast; his eye disdained
The croud ignoble, and his soul contemned
The man of lower birth. His gentle queen,
The lovely Ella, fair, and chaste, and good,
Gave to his wishing arms two blooming babes
A smiling girl and boy. The charming twins
Together grew, together danced and sung,
And bounded o'er the plain. When morn arose,
Joyous they watched the bright-haired king of day,
Climbing Carmona's mountain; and at noon,
Together in the shady grove retired,
They laughed away the hours; when gentle Eve,
Soft-stealing, ushered in the twilight grey,
They sat and read the tales of other times,
Or listened to the silver strains that flowed
From Ollar's harp divine. O happy state,
When Innocence and Love fraternal blend
Two souls in one, ere Passion's stormy waves

O'erwhelm the mind ; or fierce Ambition's fires
Glow in the panting breast ; or anxious Care,
And brooding Sorrow wring the tortured heart.

And now behold, by time matured, the youth
Fialga into active manhood grown,
A warrior bold, invincible of soul,
Ambitious like the sire from whom he sprang,
Yet gentle to the sister of his love !
Health, on his face, her rosy colours spread,
And manly graces burned upon his cheek.

Meanwhile, his lovely sister Orra bloomed,
A peerless maid, and Beauty's self enshrined,
Lived in her matchless form ; her speaking eye,
Of lucid hazel hue, serenely bright,
Beamed forth intelligence. The gentle god
Of soft desire, o'er every feature poured
Celestial influence, tinged her glowing cheek

With rosy charms divine, and o'er her lips,
Her coral lips, a thousand graces breathed,
That played in every smile. Of stature tall,
She moved majestick ; down her shoulders fell
Her auburn ringlets, brighter than the rays
Of orient light, that flit with wand'ring glance
O'er wreaths of driven snow. Where'er she moved,
Th' astonished people gazed, and with delight
They blessed her as she passed. What wonder then,
If princes, and the nobles of the realm,
Contended for her hand? From Tara came
The warrior Moran ; great his fame in arms,
And noble his descent. Sëädna's blood
Enriched his veins. Dithorba loved the chief,
And bold Fialgar gloried in the name
Of Moran's friend ; oft, oft they urged the maid,
The gentle maid, to yield her passive hand,
And bless the chieftan, but they urged in vain.
She scorned to bring to Hymen's mystick bed,

Where Love should reign, and Pleasure chaste
expand

His wings of joy, a heart aversely cold.

Deep in a grove, near Banna's winding stream,
Siorna lived, in elegance retired,
And rural ease ; of manners gently bland,
And affable of soul: his sparkling eye
Spoke eloquent, and Virtue's self had stamped
Her living image on his manly face.

Whene'er his country's cause to battle called
'The youth of Ullin, fired with patriot zeal,
Through hosts of marshalled foes, Siorna burst
With force resistless ; and on festive days,
When in the dewy lawn, assembled chiefs
In tilts and mimic tournaments displayed
Sportive their prowess, there the warrior bore
The prize away ; and joyous at the feet
Of Orra sweetly-blushing, prostrate laid
The splendid trophy, valour's glorious meed.

She, with a smile ineffable, rewards
The hero's toil. Deep in his inmost soul,
That smile hath pierced resistless; for his eye,
His gazing eye hath drank the draught of love:
Long, long he pined in secret, for he knew
Dithorba's pride of blood his lofty soul
Ambitious and vindictive, and the love
Fialgar bore to Moran. Much he feared
To wound the feelings of the tender maid,
Should he, the subject of her father's power,
Aspire to gain her hand. Hopeless he sighed,
Pensive and sad, in solitude forlorn,
Nor breathed his love, even to the passing gale.

Now in Temona's hall, the suitors thronged,
A princely train, the day in revels passed,
And jocund banquet; when the evening came,
The warriors listen to the mellow tone
Of Ollar's harp, whose rapid fingers pass

Light o'er the trembling strings. Harmonious floods
Of musick float around, and now he sings
Of battles long since fought; the mighty deeds
Of heroes now no more. The list'ning chiefs
Attention chains; they see or think they see
The shock of war, the tempest of the fight,
The vanquished foe submissive, and their sires
Their glorious sires, triumphant o'er the field.

'Th' inspiring song hath ceased, and night descends
With pitchy wings: wrapt in the arms of sleep,
The suitors rest, and dream of nuptial joy.
But hark, the tempest o'er the murky sky
Howls horrible; the pealing thunder rolls,
And through the deep'ning gloom the lightning flash
Tremendous! Rapid gleams of living light
And darkness reign alternate. Balls of fire
Descend impetuous, and the living flame [spires
Bursts through the blazing dome, and thick the

Of rolling smoke arise. The suitors rush
Astonished from their beds of down, and gaze
In terror at the ruin. From the train
Of timid females, cries of fear ascend,
And shrieks of horror. Near where Orra lies,
The fire resistles rages; furious flames
Circle the insulating room, and glow
Insatiate. Who shall save the lovely maid?
Lo, at the door her hapless father falls
Breathless, amid the wreaths of smoke condensed!
On distant embassy Fialgar sent,
Hears not her cries, nor sees her out-stretched hand
Imploring aid. The suitors stand aghast,
Affrighted at the columns, red with flame,
Scatt'ring destruction.—Soon Siorna sees
The awful blaze; the hero comes, he flies,
Bursts the firm door, and dauntless rushing on,
Bears through the glowing fires the lovely maid
And gives her panting to her mother's arms,

That trembled, in an ecstasy of joy,
Mingled with fear! Now triumph rends the air
With clam'rous shout; yet envy of the deed
Heroick, mixed with concious sense of shame,
Rankled malignant in each suitor's heart.

But when the storm had passed, what tumults rose
In Orra's breast? Deep in her grateful soul
She cherished love. All day her fancy dwells
Upon the brave Siorna; and at night,
When gentle slumbers sooth the troubled mind,
In dreams she sees his manly form arise,
And wanders with him round the lofty hill,
Or through the grove in visionary bliss.

And now at last, her eyes have told the tale,
The tender tale of love. Siorna reads
The speaking glance, and burns with mutual flame,
In the deep wood the lovers met by stealth,

And own their pleasing pain. Ah not unknown
The tender meeting ! Moran views the scene,
With eye askance ! No gen'rous rival he,
But jealous and mistrustful. In his soul
Vindictive passions reigned ; and wounded pride,
Fired with resistless rancour, all his mind,
He in Dithorba's ear, malignant breathed,
With fiction mingled, all the hated tale.
Th' indignant monarch rushes on the maid,
Returning from the grove. To Rama's isle
He sends her weeping. In the hated pile,
(Lone habitation of each wretch forlorn,
That broke unchaste the vestal vow, or brought
Dishonour on the royal race,) she pined
In solitude, though pure as virgin snow.
Vain were her mother's tears, and vain the pray'rs
Of her returning brother, who condemned
Yet loved and pitied the unhappy maid.
All access to the interdicted isle,

A stern decree forbade, save to the priest,
The sacred priest of Bäälphegor's shrine,
Who daily to the lofty pile conveyed
The hapless virgin's food. Dithorba's troops,
With rapid search o'er hill and woody vale,
Siorna seek ; but fruitless was their toil,
For in a cave, beneath the hallowed fane
Of Bäälphegor, him, the hoary priest
Hid pitying ; for he deemed the virgin chaste,
And saw the warrior, just and good and brave,
The victim of intemperate revenge,
And insolence of pow'r. Nor dreaded he
Dithorba's force, but on his God relied,
And on the pious awe that shook the croud
That worshipped at his shrine. And now he bears
Siorna's letter to the trembling hand
Of Orra, who enraptured reads these lines.
" When in her silent course, the silver moon
" Hangs o'er Termona's tow'r, and from its walls,

“The warder’s loud-resounding trump proclaims
“The midnight hour, soul of my soul descend!
“Siorna will await thee at the grove,
“Beside the sacred altar of the God,
“And bear thee to an hospitable spot,
“Worthy of love and thee. Our holy friend
“Shall there unite us in the sacred bonds
“Of hymen and of bliss.” She reads, and weeps
Tears of ecstatic joy. The priest retires,
But leaves the massy prison door unlocked.
The virgin gazes, with impatient eye,
Upon the setting sun, that slowly sinks
Beneath the horizon. Evening grey descends
With tardy pace. Now Night with sluggish wings
Sits brooding o’er the dark. At length the moon,
Majestick moving on the arch of heav’n,
Hangs o’er Temona’s walls, and the loud trump
Resounds the midnight hour. Lo, Orra stands
With panting heart, amid the lonely grove,

Beside the sacred altar of the God,
Astonished at the absence of her love!
With eager gaze, around the circling scene,
She turns her ardent eye. Impatient now,
With hurried step, she wanders towards the beach
And lifts her trembling voice. "Ah wherefore thus
"Lingers Siorna? Lo, the waving grove!
"And here the sacred altar of the God!
"And long, long since, the warder's trumpet hath
told
"The midnight hour! But where art thou my love?
"O come Siorna! Ah, thou answerest not!
"I tremble for thy fate! Hah! who are these,
"Who near yon floating skiffs, deep-slumb'ring lie
"Upon the silent beach; O 'tis my love,
"Siorna and the brother of my soul!
"Awake Siorna! O Fialgar rise,
" 'Tis Orra calls!" Ah miserable maid,
Thou call'st in vain! In the chill arms of death,
The warriors rest, slain by each other's hand!

Rapt in an agony of speechless wo,
The hapless virgin sees the gaping wounds,
And morning's ray beheld her lovely form
Stretched on Fialgar's breast, a clay-cold corse.

ELEGIACK STANZAS.

ON THE LATE ROBERT MAXWELL, ESQ. SURGEON IN THE 48TH
REGIMENT OFFOOT, WHO DIED A PRISONER TO THE FRENCH, AT
PLACENCIA, IN SPAIN, ON THE 7TH OF NOVEMBER, 1809.

If sterling worth, if sentiment refined,
And all the virtues of the manly mind,
Could stop th' unerring shaft of fate, or save
The gen'rous spirit from the clay-cold grave,
Thou hadst not MAXWELL, fall'n in manhood's bloom,
Death's early victim to the silent tomb.

But not on earth, the meed of virtue springs,
She scorns this scene of transitory things,
To her own heav'n, she speeds her glorious flight,
And bears her vot'ries to the realms of light.

Too soon, alas, thy gentle spirit flies
To claim a portion in congenial skies!
Though the last sigh of thy expiring breath,
That ushered in the awful night of death,
Was but the herald of eternal day,
That called thee from thy tenement of clay,
To us it was the harbinger of wo,
That bade the stream of bursting sorrow flow.

For O we mourn in thee for ever gone,
The gentle brother and the pious son,
The soul possess'd of every social charm,
The heart with every tender feeling warm,
The mind with intellectual treasures fraught,
Rich with the purest ore of sterling thought
The tongue that spoke the eloquence of truth,
With all the artless energy of youth,
The eye in whose fair mirror was exprest,
Each vivid image of the human breast,

The glance of Pity, and the sacred flame
That kindled bright at Friendship's hallowed name.

Anticipation, on th' eventful day,
That bore thee from thy anxious friends away,
Portrayed ideal scenes with charms divine,
And made the fancied wreath of honour thine,
Then gave thee back, (the toils of warfare o'er,)
Safe to thy kindred and thy native shore.
But ah, too soon the sweet illusion flies,
And Death dissolves Hope's visionary joys!

O hadst thou fall'n on that encrimsoned plain,
Where rest the valiant, prematurely slain,
Nobly contending for Hispania's cause,
Her injured freedom and insulted laws,
Then Vict'ry would have hailed thy deathless name,
And Glory marked thee in the rolls of fame!

But ah, stern fate in unpropitious hour,
Gave thee a captive to the Gallick pow'r !
Then Sickness dimmed the lustre of thine eye,
And Anguish bade thy bloom of manhood fly.

Methinks I see thee on thy lowly bed.
No faithful friend supports thy drooping head ;
Near thy loved form no gentle sister stands,
And with fond pressure clasps thy trembling hands ;
No mother's lips receive thy parting sighs,
Nor mourning brothers watch thy closing eyes,
And far, far absent from the scene of death,
The lovely maid dear as thy vital breath, [move
Whose youthful charms first taught thy heart to
With the soft throb, the tender pulse of love
Yet to her soul shall Fancy's magick pow'r
Paint all the sorrows of that hapless hour,
Give to her eye thy visionary bier,
And bid it stream with fond affection's tear.

LIFE

LIFE is the dew-drop on the rose,
The lucid tear of night,
Whose tender orb a moment glows,
Warmed by the kiss of light.

'Tis like the icicle that rides
Upon the passing stream,
Whose form, dissolving as it glides,
Weeps in the solar beam.

Or like the surge's whitening foam
That glitters on the wave,
And when the tipid breezes come,
Melts in a liquid grave.

It is a gaudy cloud in May,
The pageant of an hour,
And sometimes 'tis a sunny ray,
Shot through an April shower.

And oft it is a varied sky
Of mingled shade and sun,
Where clouds upon the breezes fly,
And spiry shadows run.

And sometimes 'tis a trancient calm,
An evening hour serene,
When Zephyr breathes his spicy balm,
And vesper gilds the scene.

Anon, it is a rapid storm,
That over Ocean pours,
When tempests wild the scene deform,
And awful thunder roars.

'Tis like the starry streams of light,
That on the waters dance,
Then sink into the arms of night,
When murky clouds advance.

Or like the fading blush of day,
When low the sun declines,
And broad in ev'ning's parting ray
His passing image shines.

'Tis fleeting as the vernal show'r
That wanders o'er the vale,
And short lived as the drooping flow'r
That withers in the gale.

As o'er the moon when full she rides
Amid the realms of space,
Earth's passing shadow darkly glides
And veils her peerless face.

Thus oft when man, elate and proud,
Rejoices in his bloom,
Death wraps his glories in a shroud,
And hides them in the tomb.

The moon again o'er all the skies,
Shall pour her silver ray,
And man more glorious shall arise,
And shine in endless day.

TURN LOVE.

A JUVENILE POEM.

TURN love on me that speaking eye,
With soft and humid lustre beaming,
Pure as the stars of yonder sky,
In mild and silver radiance streaming.

O charm me with that witching wile,
Graceful, thy op'ning lips adorning,
Which seem diffused with Beauty's smile,
Twin rosebuds in an April morning.

Lovely that smile as orient dawn,
Light glancing through spring's genial showers,
That wand'ring o'er the fragrant lawn,
Wake into life the infant flowers.

How sweet, how delicately bright,
The vermilion hue thy cheek discloses,
Like flushes of reflected light,
From fragrant beds of blooming roses.

How fair that sylph-like form of thine,
In every youthful charm excelling,
Where Symmetry hath chos'n her shrine,
And Beauty's self her graceful dwelling!

How sweet thy voice of bland delight,
Soft on the vernal gale ascending,
Where Melody and love unite
In Rapture's tend'rest accents blending!

But ah, thy heart, so pure, so kind,
With gentler joy my soul entrances,
When the full image of thy mind
Is pictured in thy meaning glances.

Then turn on me thy speaking eye,
With soft and humid lustre beaming,
Bright as the stars in yonder sky,
In mild and silver radiance streaming!

*An ingenious answer given extemporaneously by
Mr. Samuel Tucker of Belfast, to the Enigma
inserted in this volume, page 100.*

STRANGELY mysterious that such lines should be
Justly descriptive of—"NONENTITY!"
This wond'rous being yet with ease I trace,
And name his mystick nature—"BOUNDLESS SPACE!"

THE CHAIN.

A JUVENILE POEM.

SAW ye those locks of auburn hair,
That down the graceful shoulders flow,
Of Mary, fairest of the fair,
And wanton on her neck of snow?

Of these her taper fingers wove,
A mystic chain, with plastic art,
To bind in softest links of love,
This willing slave, my beating heart.

“ O that it were of purest gold,”
Smiling she said, “ for ah in vain,
Thy wand’ring soul I strive to hold
“ A Captive in this fragile chain !”

But Mary, from the happy hour,
That Love around the heart-strings twined,
His silken bonds, with wily pow'r,
A single hair will chain the mind.

More firm my soul is knit to thine,
By the mere magick of thine eye,
'Than if thou hadst Jove's chain divine,*
That binds the ocean, earth and sky.

* Homer, book 8...

“ Let down our golden, everlasting chain,
Whose strong embrace holds heav'n and earth and main.”

POPE.

LOVE'S HERALDS.

A JUVENILE POEM.

BLUSHES are messengers of thought,
With love's transporting tidings fraught,
The silent heralds of the heart,
That in mute eloquence impart
Through the sweet rose of Beauty's cheek,
What vocal sounds could never speak.

For O 'tis not by words alone,
Love makes his tender feelings known!
The dimpled smile, the rising sigh,
The humid lustre of the eye,
Life's tide that crimson every vein.
Thrilling the soul with pleasing pain,
From these a voiceless language springs
That tells unutterable things.

And when the vital spirits rush,
To paint the cheek with feeling's blush.
And soft the passing colours glow,
As eve's last glance on hills of snow,
Then will a tender message fly,
Swift as a sunbeam through the sky,
And Sympathy's sweet transports dart,
From eye to eye, from heart to heart.

A MORNING SCENE

IN THE SPRING SEASON.

WHAT pow'r is this, Maria say,
That from the blissful realms of day,
Descends to bid the tempest cease?
'Tis Spring! I know her robe of green,
Her balmy breath, her joyous mien,
Her eye of mildness, and her smile of peace!
Soft as she treads the verdant meads along,
The fragrant flow'rs beneath her feet arise,
The larks, high-soaring, pour their matin song,
In lays harmonious to the purpling skies,
Delighted Echo mimicks ev'ry strain,
And floods of musick fill th' enraptured plain.

Now, when the rosy-fingered dawn
Illumes the flow'r-bespangled lawn,
 The peasants from a jovial ring,
The sweetly-blushing loves combine,
And sportive lead the dance divine,
 Or in glad pæans hail returning Spring.
Exulting Hymen, in his golden chain,
 That binds the heart congenial souls unites,
To ev'ry nymph he gives her fav'rite swain,
 And seals with joy the mystick nuptial rites,
On him attend Love's ever gentle fire,
And Mirth, and rosy Youth, and fond Desire.

O come my fair one, come away!
For now the bright-haired king of day
 Pours o'er the hills his golden stream;
Whilst the declining queen of night,
With fainter yet, and fainter light,
 Sinks in his more refulgent beam.

Behold the dewy tears of radiant morn,
In pensile orbs their lucid charms disclose,
And glitter lovely on the prickly thorn,
Or tremble on the bosom of the rose,
“Till gentle Zephyr, eldest born of Spring,
“Descend and brush them with his airy wing.”

O let us, while the balmy gale
Breathes spicy odours o’er the vale,
On yonder lofty mountain gaze,
And see the rolling mist that shrouds
His summit in a veil of clouds,
Dissolve before the solar rays,
“And fast and light, along the eastern sky,
On moving wings of rarest ether borne,
In spiry forms, fantastically fly,
Pierced by the purple gleam of orient morn:
With wand’ring course the passing shadows glide,
Fleet o’er the winding stream, or hillock’s sloping
side,”

And whilst we view the prospect o'er,
Far as the billow-beaten shore,
Where down yon cliff abrupt and steep,
The tumbling mountain-rivers run,
O'er broken rocks, through shade and sun,
And foaming plunge into the deep.
Lo, floating on the bosom of the tide,
Yon stately gallies spread the swelling sail;
And as the lordly vessels proudly ride,
The canvass bellies to the passing gale!
Elate upon the deck, the sailors stand,
And hail with joyous shouts the coming land.

And now before the wond'ring eyes,
A thousand pleasing objects rise,
The lofty wood, the verdant bow'r,
The level lawn, the open mead,
And through the forest cinctured glade,
The mould'ring, ivy-mantled tow'r:

And o'er yon steep and silver-sparkling stream,
The high-arched bridge that braved full many a
storm,

The palace glitt'ring in the morning beam,
The marble obelisk's majestic form,
The smoke that from the village cot ascends,
And in the breeze its airy column bends.

Now blithe upon the furrowed plain,
'The ploughman sows the golden grain,
Soft-whistling as he moves along.

In hungry groups around him rove
The glossy crow, the silver dove,
The sparrow pert with chirping song.

Quick o'er the field they wheel their rapid flight,
And eye with ardent gaze the falling seed,
Then cautious on the ridgy mould alight,
And ply the hasty bill and wand'ring feed;
Then timid in the air aloft they spring,
And round and round their airy circles wing;

Lo, fraught with many a song of love,
Breathed by the warblers of the grove,

 Zephyr steals gently o'er the hill!
So soft his breath, that as he blows,
He scarcely bends the blushing rose,

 Or ruffles the smooth surface of the rill.
Beneath the streams, that gently murm'ring flow,

 Dancing appear the trees enrobed in green,
Another sun seems rolling on below,

 And other clouds float solemn and serene:
A blast descends, the mimic forms decay,
Thus fly the joys of man, thus fleets his life away!

Hark, to that voice distinct and clear,
That pours upon the list'ning ear,

 Its double note in measured time!
The cuckoo, bird of dapple wing,
Now hails with endless song the spring,
 From yonder withered oak sublime:

More cheerful far, perched on the bending spray,
Loud sings in varied strain the speckled thrush,
The jetty blackbird pours his morning lay,
From the green summit of yon hawthorn bush ;
Now, through the air, his notes steal soft and low,
And now, in bolder strains of mellow music flow.

Deep toned and solemn, floats around,
The village bell's melodious sound,
That vibrates on the trembling air ;
Hailing the rosy-fingered morn,
The huntsman winds his jocund horn,
Terrifick to the timid hare.
The hounds that fleetly range the verdant lawn,
With scent sagacious snuff the passing gale,
And trace the footsteps of the bounding fawn,
That flies affrighted o'er yon woody vale ;
The ardent horsemen urge the chase behind,
And clam'rous Tumult rides upon the wind.

The lowing herds now slowly pass,
And eager crop the tender grass,
 And wander o'er the valley wide,
And as they reach the river's brink,
Gently they bow the head and drink
 The limpid waters as they glide.

The ruddy milk maid, with love sparkling eye,
 Light-tripping, moves the sunny meads along,
To tend their bleating flocks, the shepherds hie,
 Or sweetly join the woodlark's pleasing song,
Where the full chorus bursts from all the grove,
In swelling tides of harmony and love.

Now let us shun the river's bank,
O'erspread with sedge and rushes dank,
 And hide in yonder shady bower:
For hark! I hear among the trees,
Whose green leaves rustle in the breeze,
 The patt'ring of the vernal shower!

Low flits the gliding swallow o'er the lake,
The martin skims the surface of the plain ;
The vocal quail bids every echo wake,
Hailing with triple note the coming rain :
From the low marsh, the snipe delighted springs
And the glad mallard claps his dapple wings.

Around this bower, soft woodbines twine,
And ivy mixed with eglantine,
In wild festoons the willows bend ;
The twisted poplars form an arch,
And high o'er all the conick larch,
And broad-leafed oak their shelter lend.
But light and transient are the vernal show'rs,
For now again the splendid orb of day,
O'er heav'n's expanse a stream of glory pours,
Descending rain drops glitter in the ray :
With lovelier verdure shine the hills and plains,
And brighter lustre o'er all nature reigns.

Behold the rainbow in the skies,

In majesty unrivalled rise,

With span magnificently grand !

From heav'n to earth the arch extends,

And, leaning on th' horizon bends

In lucid vision o'er the land,

Bright from the surface of the humid bow.

A thousand vivid rays resplendent stream,

Shade above shade, the living colours glow,

And tinge the skies with glory's varied beam.

Delighted mortals hail the sacred sign,

Emblem of wrath appeased, and love divine.

Now bursting on the raptured view,

See flow'rs of ev'ry form and hue,

Fantastick scattered o'er the wild !

The primrose, with his golden eye,

Anemone of crimson die,

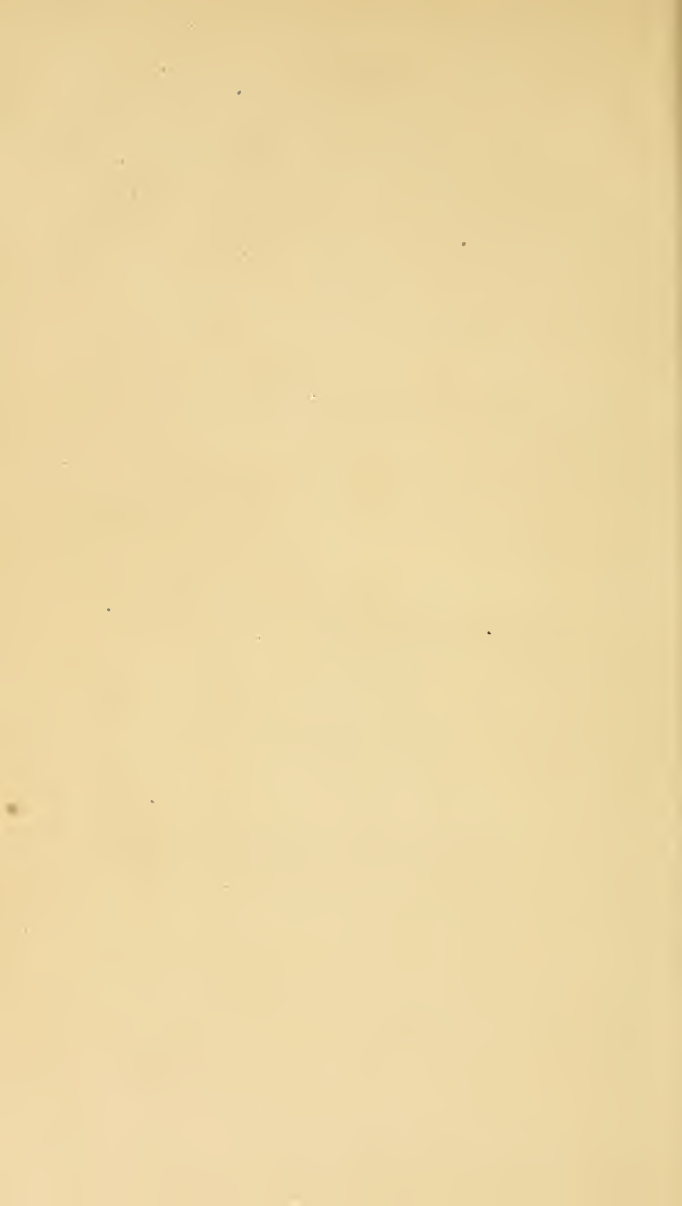
The daisy, Nature's hardy child :

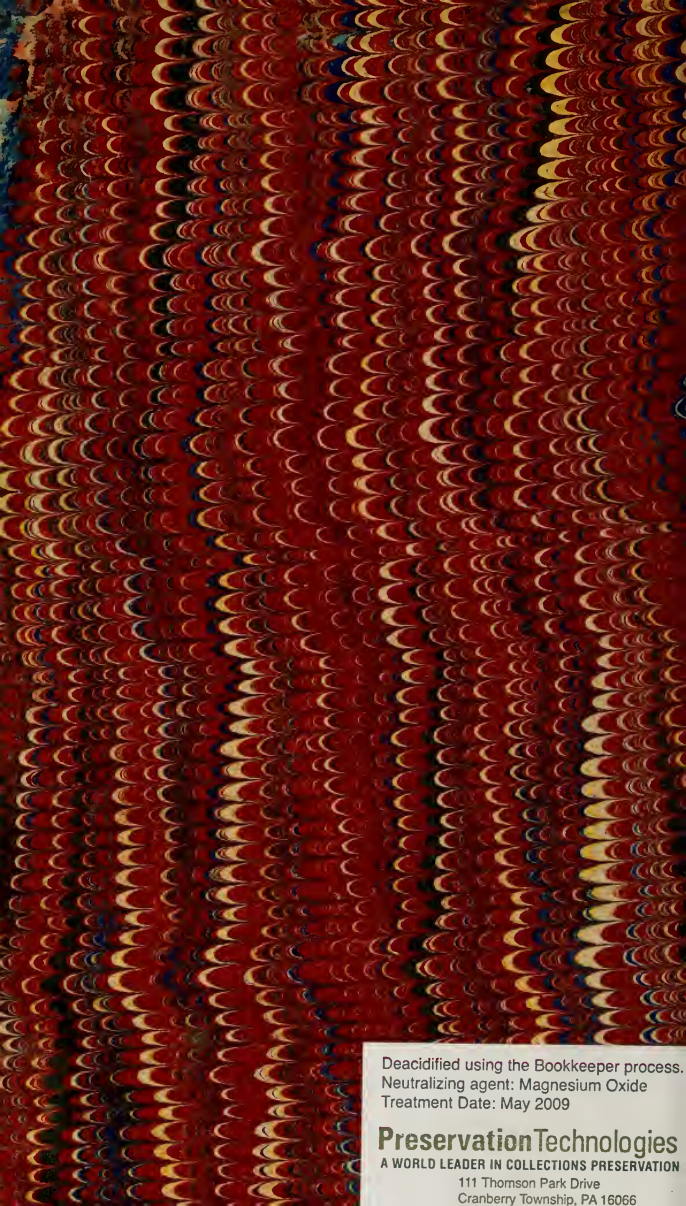
Who braved stern winter's loud resounding storm,
And lingers yet to meet the lily fair,
And vi'let blue, whose beauty beaming form
Pours streams of fragrance on the ambient air,
Sweet as the gale that o'er the hawthorn blows,
Or steals the perfume of the op'ning rose.

How great art thou, Almighty Lord!
Awoke by thy omnifick word,
Nature revives from Winter's gloom.
Thus on that grand and awful day,
When thou shalt animate our clay,
To burst the prison of the tomb,
And when dissolved in flames of liquid fire,
The sun and all those worlds that gild the skies,
In splendid ruin shall at once expire,
Then shall the soul of man triumphant rise.
Unhurt, behold the melting heav'ns and earth,
And see new systems tremble into birth.



Am





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